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Correspondence

Osteopathy

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The article "Osteopathy," by Major J. B. Paget, in your February issue, made interesting reading to those who are familiar with the history and present condition of this cult in the U.S. Major Paget's dictum: "It will always be found that a person with a straight and normal backbone suffers from very little chronic ill-health," will be news to the medical profession, who generally have the impression that a "straight" backbone is not normal, and that a normal backbone may have not the remotest causal relation to "chronic ill-health."

Major Paget says that in the U.S. the training of an osteopath "is just as severe and thorough" as is the training of a physician. He bases this opinion, apparently, on the widely heralded claim of the osteopaths that medical schools in the U.S. devote 4,170 hours to fundamental subjects, while the osteopathic "course" requires 4,322 hours. Even assuming that these figures are reliable—a large assumption—equal hours of study in osteopathic schools as compared with those in medical schools do not necessarily mean equal training in medicine. Training depends not so much on the number of hours of instruction as on the reliability of the subject matter taught, and the ability of the instructor to impart knowledge. The lack of medical training on the part of osteopathic teachers is notorious, and genuine medical knowledge can neither be understood nor taught by one who has not had a medical training.

Major Paget says that the degree of osteopathy is not officially recognised in England. Fortunate country! This is largely due to the fact that the laws governing the practice of the healing art in the British Isles are definitive, while in the United States they are restrictive. The practice of medicine in the United States is a police power resident in the individual States, and, under the Constitution, not subject to the control of the Federal Government. There are, therefore, forty-eight separate and definite laws governing the practice of medicine in the forty-eight States of the Union. Each State grants its own licences. Although I may be licensed to practice medicine in Chicago, which is in the State of Illinois, I become an unlicensed practitioner if I attempt to practise fifty miles north of Chicago, over in the State of Wisconsin, or twenty miles south-east of Chicago, in the State of Indiana. The various States, instead of establishing a single reasonably high educational qualification dealing only with the fundamental sciences underlying the practice of the healing art unfortunately require specific examinations in therapeutics. The result has been that, in the past, at least, there have been separate examining boards for those who wished to practise homœopathic medicine, and still other examining boards for those who wished to practise eclectic medicine. It was perfectly logical, therefore, that when osteopathy came along it, too, as soon as it became sufficiently powerful to make a political impression, should demand and

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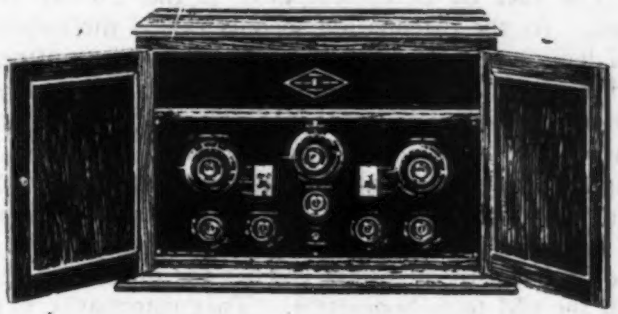

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obtain an osteopathic board to license its devotees. Since then its freak offshoot—chiropractic—has come into being, and each year sees the creation of state boards of chiropractic examiners. The time may come when we shall have special examining boards for Christian Science practitioners, doctors of Voodooism, and Seventh Sons of Seventh Sons.

Major Paget speaks of "recognised" colleges of osteopathy. The recognition is by the osteopaths themselves, and by the osteopathic examining boards which are, in a sense, creatures of the osteopaths. Few Englishmen realise the ease with which a State charter for an educational institution can be obtained in the United States. The Editor of London *Truth* once said that it seemed easier to establish a university in the United States than it was to open a "pub" in England. It was and is. Only ten of the forty-eight States in the Union make any provision for the slightest control over the charter of educational institutions. In thirty-eight States, therefore, any coterie of men by paying an insignificantly small fee can obtain permission to open an institution with the avowed purpose of granting any degree under the sun. When these States grant charters they ask no questions as to whether the institution is properly equipped or has teachers qualified to furnish the education usually demanded before degrees are granted. Furthermore, even after such institutions have been exposed as worthless or fraudulent there is no legal provision for revoking their charters.

From what I have written it is not to be understood that I am implying that osteopathic schools are necessarily fraudulent. I merely wish to show that because a given State grants a charter to an osteopathic college it does not follow that such a college has any standing from an educator's point of view.

The fact is, that osteopathy in the United States is nearly moribund. As the osteopathic schools raised the requirements for entrance and lengthened the time necessary for the granting of a degree, fewer and fewer men took up the study of osteopathy. The reason is obvious. Those who went into osteopathy as a back-door entrance into the practice of the healing art found they could accomplish the end sought much more cheaply by taking up chiropractic, which to-day is as crude and uncontrolled as osteopathy was fifteen years ago.

It would seem that osteopathy is becoming a vogue in England. The name itself, doubtless, catches the public eye and imagination better than the old term bonesetter. That osteopathy is going to England is not surprising. This is no reflection on the intelligence of the English public; credulity knows neither national nor racial boundaries. As American patent medicine makers sought foreign fields when the American public began to lose interest in their wares, so American-made cults will migrate to virgin fields as home consumption declines.

More than a century ago, as the therapeutic star of Elisha Perkins set in the United States, it rose in the British Isles under the clever exploitation of Perkins' son. The Perkinian Institutes of London and elsewhere did a flourishing business for some time after the "Tractoration" bubble had been pricked in the home of its birth. Possibly history may repeat itself.

I am, etc.,

ARTHUR J. CRAMP.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
MAY, 1925.

Current Comments

THE first third of the session, which came to an end with the Easter recess, has been far from unprofitable from the Conservative point of view. The vast Conservative majority has begun to find itself, to use Rudyard Kipling's phrase, and the new members, on whom so much depends, have attained that familiarity with the customs and traditions of the House of Commons, which is an indispensable preliminary to a Parliamentary career. There have been several good maiden speeches, but, good as they were, they are rather to be regarded as a foretaste of excellence to come than as full accomplishment. It is behind the scenes that the young Conservatives have made their influence felt on behalf of that constructive policy which is bound to-day to be Mr. Baldwin's ideal just as it was the basis of Disraeli's rejuvenation of the party. It is amusing to observe the effect which the keenness and energy of the young Conservative members has had on Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who announces to the world that "there is a large section of the Tory Party, especially the young Tories, who are men of very great promise." His invitation to the young Tories to break down the partition and come over to the Socialist camp is a real compliment, but "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird."

The Government Record

A great deal of valuable, though unspectacular, business has been got through, and a serious advance has been made in the direction of redeeming election pledges. The machinery of the Safeguarding of Industries Act has been restored and improved, and though the leaders of

the two Labourers' Unions wrecked the attempt to bring about a solution of the agricultural problem which would be acceptable to all concerned, their refusal to take part in an Agricultural Conference has not prevented the Government from pursuing its policy. The Sugar-beet Subsidy Bill has been passed, the relief to agricultural rates has been continued, and the Ministry of Health is doing its utmost to facilitate the construction of houses in rural areas. There are other useful measures which only require the assent of the Upper House; there will be a Tithes Redemption Bill after the recess, and probably a Merchandise Marks Bill to protect agricultural produce. The extension of the Trade Facilities Act is the first step towards important legislation concerning unemployment and the industrial crisis.

The Shadow of Bolshevism

THE enthusiasm of the young Conservatives has been consistently demonstrated by the crowded Government benches, and Commander Eyres-Monsell is to be congratulated on the way in which he has maintained the keenness of his men, despite a certain monotony of debate which is inevitable in the present distribution of parties. Mr. Baldwin has shown himself the leader of a united party, and perhaps the House has been more concerned with the tribulations of the Opposition than with the activities of the Government. Never was there an Opposition more hopelessly weak and undecided. The little band of Liberal leaders spend their time in cutting one another's throats.

The more imposing ranks of the Socialists are almost as badly divided as the Liberals, and over all their endeavours hangs the black shadow of Russia. The old hands of the Labour Party fully realise that Russia is a stumbling block, which they would in their secret hearts be glad to get rid of once and for all, but the extremists will have none of it. The Zinovieff letter is still, for those with leanings towards Communism, an excellent stick with which to beat the Socialist Government, which, as Zinovieff himself declared, was to have that support from the Communists which the rope of the gibbet gives to the victim. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald vainly endeavours to turn aside the jeers of his friends by a forced jocularity;

he cannot prevent Mr. Buchanan, that redoubtable Clydesider, from expressing his opinion of Labour Ministers "who, dressed in tunics and swords, attended a Levee on the same day that 11,000 people were refused unemployment benefit." More ominous still are the negotiations which were held between the delegates of the Russian trade union movement, headed by Tomsky, and those of the British trade unions, headed by Mr. Swales. The attainment of something approaching to an alliance has been blazoned forth, and the Parliamentary representatives of the Labour Party are well aware that the British elector has no enthusiasm for any combination between organisations in his own country and those so-called trade unions which in Russia are merely a mockery of the words.

[Hindenburg

BEFORE these words appear in print it will be known whether Field-Marshal von Hindenburg has been elected President of the Republic in Germany. If he should be elected the restoration of the monarchy is likely soon to be attempted. Whether elected or not, the mere fact of his nomination being strongly supported is a portent of supreme gravity. It augurs that the militarist party, of which the Field-Marshal is the representative, is reasonably certain to secure power in Germany at no distant date.

Von Hindenburg's candidature should go some way towards opening the eyes of those persons in this country who assume that the German nature has changed, and to justify the view widely entertained in France that the best way of securing peace to Europe would be to weaken Germany's power for mischief. The ample opportunities for effecting this object which the Allies possessed at the time of the Armistice were deliberately thrown away. The spirit in which Mr. Lloyd George entered upon the Peace negotiations can be seen from the Memorandum drawn up by him in Paris in March, 1919, which was not allowed to be published in this country until three years later. "It is not difficult," wrote Mr. Lloyd George, "to patch up a peace that may last until the generation which experienced the horrors of war has passed away. . . . *It is comparatively easy to patch up a peace which will last for thirty years.*"

THE people of this country would have been very thankful if a treaty had been promptly concluded which would have made peace secure for thirty years; and it might be reasonably anticipated that before this period expired such a combination of peaceful Powers would have been formed as to render a renewal of war impracticable.

Peace in our Time?

In the same Memorandum Mr. Lloyd George argued against any attempt to weaken Germany's power: "I would take as a guiding principle of the peace that, as far as is humanly possible, the different races should be allocated to their motherlands, and that *this human criterion should have precedence over considerations of strategy or economics or communications*. . . . Secondly, I would say that the duration for the payments of reparation ought to disappear, if possible, with the generation which made the war."

The advice thus given by Mr. Lloyd George of dealing gently with Germany was followed; she has been left strong, and is becoming a constantly increasing danger to the rest of Europe. Von Hindenburg's candidature for the Presidency, at a time when the question of a Security Pact is under active discussion in the chief countries of Europe, is opportune. It should cause the defeat of the intrigues—originating in Germany and adopted too readily by complaisant politicians in this country—which have as their object the conclusion of a Security Pact (so-called) with Germany as a party. The objections to such an arrangement as is proposed are obvious, and have never been answered, being, in fact, unanswerable. The danger to European peace comes from Germany, a powerful section of whose people are determined upon a war of "revenge"—revenge, that is, for the failure of their endeavours in 1914-18 to realise world domination. To protect Western Europe from German aggression is the sole object which France, Belgium, and Great Britain should have in view in considering the proposal for a Security Pact: if it were not for the fear of an attack by Germany no such Pact would be required or contemplated. If Germany joins in the Pact, therefore, it means that she is promising the other parties to the Pact to protect them against herself.

The Junkers and the Pact

THE value of such a promise—and from such a quarter—can be easily estimated. Germany's desire to join in a Pact designed to protect Europe against herself must be due to a belief that she would thereby gain some advantage. The German idea probably is that as a member of the Pact she would be in a position enabling her to weaken it and prevent it from being an effective security. Boring from within, Germany might claim the confidence of the other parties to the Pact, and learn their most secret plans and resources. If difficulties arose and the parties to the Pact were called upon to make a decision, Germany might pursue obstructive tactics, precluding any decision being arrived at with the necessary promptness. It would, moreover, be easier for Germany to select the moment to strike most favourable to herself.

The necessity for some great measure of security in order that there may be confidence and stability in Western Europe is generally recognised. That the League of Nations—with or without the Protocol added to the Covenant—is insufficient to create the required sense of security is also generally acknowledged. The League has no army, no navy, no aeroplanes: it has to rely upon the promises of its members for the enforcement of sanctions, and so large a body must be slow in reaching a decision and slower still in action. Meetings must be held and discussions take place before it is decided whether sanctions should be applied and what form they should take. With modern scientific methods of destruction time becomes of ever-increasing importance, and before the League attempted to apply sanctions an aggressor State might have gained a position of such advantage that it could not afterwards be dislodged.

A Three Power Pact

SOME new definite measure of security, therefore, being required, the question is what form it should take. The reasonable course would be that those Powers whose essential interests are opposed to a renewed attack by Germany on the peace of Europe should conclude a pact or treaty of a purely defensive character. In the event of a renewed attack by Germany—France, Belgium, and Great Britain must stand

together. If France and Belgium were overrun and the Channel ports seized, the position of England would be untenable. The main parties to such a pact, therefore, should be Great Britain, France, and Belgium. Not only are the interests of these countries consistent, but their good faith has been tested and found reliable. If Germany had known in 1914 that we should stand by France there would have been no war. In like manner, if it is brought home to Germany that such a pact as that referred to above has been concluded there would be at least a reasonable probability of Europe enjoying a prolonged period of peace.

A General Pact

THE chief concern of such a Three Power Pact would be the permanent maintenance of the Rhine frontier, to be secured by the effective demilitarisation of the Rhineland, as provided by the Treaty of Versailles, and the holding of the bridgehead forts by a small international force under the jurisdiction of the League of Nations. This latter safeguard was not, unfortunately, stipulated in the Treaty, but Germany's several defaults render its present demand more than justifiable upon every ground, and a fully adequate *quid pro quo* could be accorded to her. She could then be admitted to membership of the League on equal terms, and she could join in a separate pact, under which she would be guaranteed the integrity of her frontier in the Rhine equally with the Western Powers. Further concessions, in our view, might properly be made to her in return for such a sign of grace and solid guarantee of security. Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland might also enter into such a general Pact, and thus a substantial advance toward a stable equilibrium would be achieved.

The Painlevé Ministry

IT is not easy for a foreigner to follow political history in France. It is difficult for many Frenchmen to understand why a man like M. Painlevé should have been asked to form a Government. It is not because he is a great statesman. Of all the Premiers France had during the war he was the most conspicuous failure. There were some Frenchmen simple enough to believe that a great mathematician—and there

is no doubt about M. Painlevé's fame in the domain of mathematics—was wanted at that particular moment when France was being bled to death, when the great sacrifices made by her armies were being recompensed by an intensive German and "defeatist" propaganda in the rear. It was argued that a man who could think algebraically could organise victory for the nation.

But M. Painlevé proved himself a very weak Premier indeed. His tenure of office was short. It remained for M. Clemenceau with his vigorous policy, "Je fais la guerre," to bring the nation to victory. Why was M. Painlevé chosen to succeed M. Herriot? Not because he was one of the greatest *savants* in France, one of the few, perhaps, who could discuss Einstein's thesis of relativity. He was chosen because, after M. Herriot, he was the greatest leader of the Parliamentary majority, known as the Cartel des Gauches, largely a combination of Radicals, Radical Socialists, and Socialists.

M. Painlevé is a rabid politician, but a most unimpressive figure in the tribune of the French Chamber. There is nothing of the statesman about him. What France has need of at this moment is men of constructive minds. Hitherto the leaders of the Cartel des Gauches have given evidence of ability to destroy rather than to construct. How could it be otherwise when the Parliamentary majority in the Chamber is controlled by 105 Socialists? No wonder the Socialists preferred M. Painlevé to M. Briand as Premier. They know him well. The duration of a Painlevé Ministry—and it could not endure without the consent of the Socialists—could only have one result—a conflict with the Senate, which has shown that it will not ratify legislation that bears the impress of Socialism.

Caillaux's Re-entry

It was no surprise to those Frenchmen who know the mind of M. Painlevé that he invited M. Caillaux to be his Minister of Finance. M. Painlevé delivered a speech at the great whitewashing manifestation in celebration of M. Caillaux's amnesty. When he was Premier in 1917 and Frenchmen asked why Caillaux was not arrested because of the "defeatist" activities attributed to him, M. Painlevé

talked a great deal, but did nothing. M. Clemenceau had to perform this unpleasant task.

M. Herriot upset the judgment of the Senate which, sitting as a High Court, sentenced M. Caillaux; and M. Painlevé has secured for himself the dubious honour of bringing back to power the man who had no faith in a French victory. Well might M. Briand hesitate before joining a Cabinet of which M. Caillaux was a member. There was, indeed, great surprise when he finally consented to enter the Painlevé-Caillaux galley.

What can M. Caillaux with all his supposed financial genius do? What has he ever done? The most dispassionate students of French political history cannot credit him with any remarkable achievement, except it be the introduction of the income-tax. M. Caillaux can only get France out of her present financial plight by means of imposts. He is opposed to the capital levy scheme of which M. Léon Blum, the Jewish leader of the Socialists, is the author; but by means of the manipulation of taxes he might achieve an impost on capital without calling the operation a capital levy.

M. Caillaux is accounted a clever man by some of his countrymen, but he cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called a statesman. He is, however, a dangerously ambitious man. At the time of his appointment as Minister of Finance it was said in Paris that he had abandoned all the ideas which had made him unpopular in the past. All the same there were pæans of satisfaction in Germany when he joined the Painlevé Cabinet. For the late Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg and many Germans he was *unser Mensch* (our man). The Senate, flouted by M. Herriot, who upset its judgment, and set at naught by M. Painlevé, who restored the convicted politician to power, will keep a close watch on future events.

The Masters of France

One may well ask what will be the future of France in a Parliamentary sense. It is an appropriate question in view of the fact that since May last, when the last appeal to the country took place, the real masters of France have been the 105 Socialist deputies. The continuance of any Government in power depends entirely on the Socialists. It is

they who chose the tune to which M. Herriot had to dance, and if M. Painlevé or any other Premier taken from the Left refuses to step to the same music he will assuredly go under.

This is the position in France to-day: the country is held up by the Socialist deputies, who will only support the Government on condition that their behests are complied with. This explains why the legislation of the late Government had the tinge of Socialism. It also explains the action of the Senate in throwing M. Herriot out.

The situation is as curious as it is anomalous. If the Senate is true to its function as a revising body it will not ratify legislation passed by a majority in the Chamber made up of Socialist votes. And if the Senate is steadily determined to rebut Socialistic experiments a conflict between the two Chambers will be inevitable. There is a large body of French opinion which would like this conflict to begin as soon as possible, since it would only have one logical result: a dissolution.

Many Frenchmen now believe that the electors were deceived at the last election, and they argue that another appeal to the country would show conclusively whether it has to be ruled by Socialists. For some time past the Cartel des Gauches has seen the writing on the wall. One of two things must happen: either the Cartel must be dissolved, in which case there would be a chance of governing independently of the Socialists, or there must be another appeal to the country. In this eventuality there are not wanting prophets to declare that France would follow the example of England and America, and to some extent Germany, and send the people of the Left about their business.

The Rake's Progress

QUITE unaccountably the impression has gained ground lately that affairs in Ireland are improving. It is true that for a variety of reasons, incomprehensible to the average Englishman, a few Republican candidates have been defeated at by-elections and a superficial air of solidity of the Cosgrave Government has been created. Nothing has occurred to alter our view that it must ultimately split on the rock of finance. For a small country, however rich

in natural resources, almost entirely, however, agricultural, to embark on a colossal hydro-electric power scheme involving a certain outlay of £7,000,000 or £8,000,000, likely with loss of interest and contingencies to reach ultimately double that sum, at a moment when its current finances are already, by any strict test of accountancy, practically bankrupt, is the height of madness. The South of Ireland is not industrialised, nor under its present Government is it ever likely to be. An adequate demand for electric power could only be created by the establishment of great manufacturing industries requiring at least as much capital as the Shannon scheme itself. This capital and the ability to direct it would mostly have to be imported, and it is inconceivable that, with the world to choose from, it could be attracted to Southern Ireland under present conditions. It is difficult to see where the initial capital required to pay the German contractors is to come from, unless, indeed, they are content to find it themselves. The Irish banks, which hitherto have loyally stood by the Government, are becoming restive, and are hardly likely to underwrite another loan. The native Irish private investor is even more doubtful. The Government has already adopted a hectoring attitude toward the banks. It has taken over the National Land Bank, founded by the Republicans, to which it threatens to transfer all its business. The older banks have been warned by the Minister for Finance that "the State has a good many shots in its locker, and anyone who wishes to fight the State will get the worst of the encounter." Amateur statesmen in South American republics have used similar language, and have learned after precipitating national bankruptcy that confidence is a very large and necessary ingredient in credit. Irish bank stocks have already fallen ominously.

The fact that the Free State has placed the development of its industrial future in German hands, without even offering an opportunity to British engineers and contractors, hardly points to that "union of hearts" which was the chief excuse advanced for the infamous treaty. It has, indeed, a sinister significance, of which the full development will only be interrupted by the economic collapse of the whole absurd project.

CURRENT COMMENTS

Northern Ireland and the Boundary

A curious and quite unfounded rumour has gained currency that Sir James Craig would resign shortly after the recent elections in Northern Ireland. In view of the probable early report of the Boundary Commission the Northern Ireland Government decided to appeal to the electorate, and they have every reason to be satisfied with the result. Thirty-two Official Unionists, four Independent Unionists, and three Labour members have been returned, all of whom may be relied upon to vote with the official party on the Boundary question. On the other side ten Nationalists and only two Republicans were elected. As Sir James Craig pointed out the other day, referring to the votes cast in the City of Derry and the Border Counties, the Nationalists and the Republicans have lost ground. The figures were :—

	Loyalist.	Nationalist and Republican.
1921	149,666	113,334
1925	152,089	103,573

There is thus conclusive evidence that Derry and the Border Counties have no desire to break allegiance with the Northern Parliament, Great Britain and the Empire.

Will You Walk into My Parlour?

The naïve efforts of the two Opposition parties to detach adherents from the Conservative ranks are evidence that they realise the difficulty of galvanising their own supporters into sufficient enthusiasm to face an election with any hopes of success. A committee presided over by Mr. Lloyd George, and consisting of such typical agriculturists as Sir John Simon, Mr. Masterman and Mrs. Wintringham, has been trying to evolve a land policy which is to rehabilitate British agriculture. Since the days when a Liberal Administration deported some Devonshire farm labourers to Botany Bay for forming a union to demand an increase in wages from 7*s*. to 10*s*. a week, there is probably no industry in which the Liberal Party has hitherto shown less sympathetic interest than farming. The British farmer and farm labourer are rather stolid persons amenable only to facts presented in an unequivocal form. Welsh wizardry and the sophisticated subtleties of Sir John Simon will leave them cold.

THE *Daily Herald* also makes an impassioned appeal to the "black-coated slaves of the pen and desk" and the "petty *bourgeoisie*" to join a union of "professional workers," and to throw off the yoke of the capitalist employer. Just what employer they are to find in his place is not quite clear, but, presumably, the all-providing State. As it would not take a Socialist State very long to ruin all productive industry, and to reduce the maximum available wage fund by fifty per cent. at least (*vide* Russia), the prospect of State slavery is not very alluring, and the clerks and typists, many of whom have, and realise, ambitions to better themselves, are hardly likely to help the *Daily Herald* to destroy the existing order of society.

Said the Spider to the Fly

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, at Penzance, was more subtle than either Mr. Lloyd George or the *Daily Herald*. His idea was to sprinkle salt on the tails of the young Tories—or was it sugar?

Salt on their Tails.

"There is a large section of the Tory Party, especially the young Tories, who are men of very great promise. They are sincerely convinced that there are many things that are wrong in this country, which an honest political party can put right. Their colleagues, the representatives of massed capital, the old reactionary machine Tories, have more trouble with the young Tories than they have even with us.

"Sooner or later the free mind and the courageous intelligence and an unfettered desire to hammer out a national policy will have to be taken up by the young Tories, not as party politicians, but as men with a national outlook. When they face that problem, the partition between us and them will be so thin that they might as well break it down and come over to the Socialists' camp."

His subsequent remarks were less flattering to the Tory Party, while to the Liberals he was positively unkind. He complained that, while "seven months ago crowds of people went to the House of Commons to fill the gallery, and *Hansards* were bought in thousands, to-day that was all gone. The Tory Party . . . . had in four months completely destroyed public interest in our greatest representative institution." It is a commonplace in the city that if a company is in a mess and the directors are not trusted, the shareholders' meetings are large and interest is keen. When, on the other hand, a company's affairs are soundly administered, the majority of the shareholders are

wont to show their confidence in the directors by abstention from the meetings—a very natural result of the "representative" system.

We venture to believe that young Tories, many of whom, as Mr. MacDonald truly says, are passing through a healthy stage of conscience-searching, will find more to help and interest them in the series of articles and correspondence which was inaugurated in THE ENGLISH REVIEW for April by "A Young Hesitant in Conservatism" and the reply by Mr. Harold Cox than in the unctuous blandishments of Mr. MacDonald.

Unemployment

UNEMPLOYMENT and the industrial crisis are the matters with which the Government is bound to deal after the Recess, and it is on these questions that the main interest of Parliament will centre after the Budget has been dealt with. The older and wiser politicians are very cautious in advocating legislation on these matters. They have learnt by bitter experience that only too often State interference defeats its own object, and they are well aware that not a few of their supporters gave their votes to the Conservatives precisely because they considered that the country was suffering from an excess of Governmental interference.

The main step towards bringing about a return to normal conditions was made by Mr. Baldwin in his eloquent appeal for internal peace. It cannot be said that the olive branch has been accepted with that enthusiasm which it deserved by those trade union leaders whose influence in the matter should be paramount. There are signs in certain industries, notably in shipbuilding and engineering, that matters may be improved by common agreement between employers and employed, but on the whole the reception given to Mr. Baldwin's heartfelt appeal, not only to ordinary good-will but also to commonsense, has been disappointing. In these circumstances it is not unreasonable to emphasise a point in his speech which was noted by all who heard it, though at the moment they were unwilling to stress it. Mr. Baldwin said very distinctly that his proffer of peace was to be regarded as just such a gesture as that made by the Socialist Government for the sake of international comity

in the abandonment of the Singapore base project. At the time a Socialist ex-Minister remarked that the analogy was an odd one, since but a little time before Mr. Baldwin's Government had abandoned that gesture and had decided to proceed with the harbour works at Singapore. A Tory journalist replied at once: "You have missed the whole point of the Prime Minister's speech. Just as he cancelled your Singapore gesture because it had proved futile in the cause of international peace, so he will withdraw his friendly overtures if they are not received in the same spirit as that in which they are made, and he will use the strength which his majority in the country gives him to enforce peace in our time."

Doles for Industry

In the matter of unemployment, various schemes are under consideration, and one of the most remarkable features of recent debates has been the consensus of opinion as to the disastrous effects of the dole. It is a matter for no small astonishment when Mr. Lansbury himself, the high priest of Poplarism, is found inveighing against the demoralisation caused by the dole among the young and declaring that young men should be given opportunity of working on the land, and that if then they preferred to do nothing and draw the dole they should be left to starve. Although undoubtedly this point of view is gaining ground, the Government's consideration of Sir Alfred Mond's plan to convert some part of the dole into a subsidy to employers towards the payment of wages to the unemployed is regarded in most responsible quarters with grave misgiving. Experience has shown that a subsidy to wages is a perilous remedy worse than the disease. Other methods of subsidising the shipbuilding and iron and steel industries are under consideration, and the very fact that such a possibility should even be suggested in this country is alarming proof of the appalling condition of industry.

Coal

One of the most serious crises in its history is confronting the coal industry. The oratorical effusions and idealistic theories of political rhetoricians are only—as Mr. Philip Snowden has agreed—leading the Miners' Federation to destruction. The

Yorkshire Federation of Coal Merchants' Association was recently addressed by Mr. A. W. Archer, a prominent member of the West Yorkshire Coalowners' Association, who from his personal experience has gained a knowledge of the hard facts. After expressing his belief that Mr. Baldwin had "greater insight and more intimate knowledge of the internal realities of industry than any other Prime Minister," Mr. Archer expressed his conviction that "if the chief objects of the miners' representatives are to advance nationalisation, urge great political changes, or secure the handing over of practically all the net proceeds of the industry for the purposes of wages, then there will be no hope of its fortunes being retrieved." "On the other hand," he added, "if the owners merely wish to ask for the voluntary surrender of privileges won after long effort and granted by statute, or to reduce wages below subsistence level, then equally will all conferences between employers and employees prove abortive." In the present economic condition of Europe it is impossible for us to travel much faster or further than other Western countries, and so long as Germany, Holland, France and Belgium pay less wages, work longer hours, and produce at less cost than we, foreign markets will be wholly or partially closed against us. The first thing which every member of the coal industry must realise is that—in Mr. Archer's words—"there is no hope of any material improvement in the British coal trade until lost markets are recaptured, and the difficulty of recapture becomes greater with delay." These can only be captured by lowering our competitive selling price and beating the foreigner in the open market. This will admittedly be a difficult task, but in Mr. Archer's opinion it is possible by the employment of more efficient methods and harder work. Obsolete and uneconomic ways of working must be abandoned, overhead charges in the shape of high taxation, inflated assessments and heavy local rates must be reduced. The choice of the worker is simple. Either he will co-operate in lowering the selling price of his product and will retain his work and see unused pits reopened, or he will refuse to co-operate and see more pits falling idle, more unemployment in all industries, and the prospect of some of the blackest

years of distress which any nation has been called upon to endure.

The Financial Barometer

"It is remarkable that, while so much is thought of trade with Russia, so little is said of the great field which Poland offers for our trade. Poland, with her intelligent, hard-working, and patriotic people, with a country nearly as large as Germany, and a population of nearly 30 million people, has stabilised her currency, balanced her Budget, and her exports will shortly materially exceed her imports. Poland is naturally a rich country, which, in consequence of Russia's pre-war policy, lacks roads, railways, and industrial developments of all kinds.

"Poland has proved her fitness to be a nation, and it is inconceivable that she will not maintain her hard-earned and well-deserved liberties. She is anxious to secure our assistance and co-operation, and she presents a field ready for immediate development. The United States has not been slow to realise this, but for some inconceivable reason this country seems to be holding back."

Thus Sir Philip Dawson, M.P., in a letter to *The Times*. But the reason is not obscure. The intelligence service of finance is probably the most efficient in the world, equal even to that of the Vatican. For some years before the war a valuable industrial monopoly in Serbia was hawked around the financial markets of the world. So attractive was it that the modest capital required was frequently promised. But always when the co-operation of one or other of the larger finance houses was sought it was mysteriously refused. Their super-sensitive antennæ detected danger—not in the nature of the enterprise itself, but of German aggression. And the financiers were right. For the same reason, and for no other, except perhaps the additional possibility of Russian invasion, they are nervous about Poland.

The candidature of Hindenburg has temporarily, at least, checked the flow of capital and credit from New York and London to Germany. Financiers are realists. Politicians and sentimental publicists might with advantage pay more attention to the barometer of international finance.

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ECONOMY *VERSUS* NATIONAL DEFENCE

THERE are two main tides in a nation's life—the foreign and the domestic—each influencing and controlling the other. All through history this reciprocal interworking must have existed, as the least consideration shows, but in our day the closeness of the association becomes, if not greater, at least more manifest than was the case before. For if there is anything resembling statesmanship at the helm the foreign policy of any people must depend on two factors—its interests and its power to enforce them. To perceive clearly what those interests are, their relative importance and the extent to which it is practicable to support them, is the function of rulers.

But at this point the domestic—which includes the economic—life of a nation begins to dominate the situation. For, in spite of all theories to the contrary, the world's affairs are not governed by ideas of abstract justice. They are not, they never have been, and the time when such governance may become conceivable is still hidden in some remote future Utopia.

Economic resources are the well-spring of a nation's armaments, and if those resources are inadequate to satisfy requirements in this direction, not only has its foreign policy to be deflected from its natural course, but great national risks have to be incurred. If we require a large and striking illustration of this truth we can find it immediately in the affairs of England since the conclusion of the great struggle. Setting aside the obvious fact that the war itself was brought to an end (owing to exhaustion alike of man power and of economic resources) before Germany had been reduced to the state of impotence necessary to the future peace of the world, our armaments ever since that time have been cut down to a point clearly incompatible with national and imperial safety. True, indeed, that these reckless reductions have been made in

response largely to sentimental cant, but that cant has been grounded always on a backing of financial exigency. Without that backing, it is inconceivable that we could have been guilty of all the folly which we have perpetrated—that we should, for instance, have tamely submitted to the regulation by external agreements of the sea power which for centuries past had been the palladium of England.

We were given, in effect, two alternatives by the United States, namely, either to surrender under the sounding phrase of "the freedom of the seas" all that was implied by sea power, or else to see the American Republic outbuild us hopelessly in battleship and battle-cruiser strength. Panic-stricken by reason of our financial weakness, we signed the Washington Treaty with a degree of consideration probably less than was ever given before to an issue so gigantic. No attention was visibly paid to such trifling factors of the situation as the circumstance that nearly half the extravagant super-Dreadnoughts laid down by the States were complete and abject failures, or to the reflection that the fundamental motive inspiring the statesmen of the U.S. was a fear of Japan—a fear which (however probably future events might compel its recurrence) was most unlikely to become a force in American politics. Nor, again, was the dominant fact taken into account that the U.S., though it might turn out a mass of tonnage, was quite unable to man adequately even the navy which it already possessed. On our side of the question the great danger inherent in being tied by limitations in respect of naval power, and the effect which such chains might have on the preservation of the Empire and of Imperial solidarity, were also disregarded.

In all these affairs verbosity about the creation of ideal conditions of peace constituted the misty atmosphere in which our submission was brought about, but financial stress, that is to say internal policy influencing external policy, formed the tidal impulse producing the result.

When, turning from the sea to the land, we look at the manner in which we have cut down our military strength, we find the same causes producing the same effects. A crazy sentimentality, coupled with the prevalence of political catchwords, has led us to break up the founda-

tions of order in our Indian Empire by the progressive substitution of native for British administration, at the very same moment when the military forces, upon which the preservation of what stability remains has thus been increasingly thrown, have been diminished to a point at which their adequacy becomes a matter of the utmost doubt. The expenses of the British Army in India are indeed met out of the Indian Budget, but everyone knows that in the event of any widespread rising the demand for reinforcements would instantly arise and would have to be met—if met at all—out of the military resources of this country. Yet, for the sake of economy, those resources have been depleted to an extent filling all serious students of the subject with amazed alarm. To set fire to your house with one hand, while with the other to remove the means of obtaining assistance to extinguish the invited conflagration, seems scarcely the action of perfect sanity.

But national defence now has to deal with the air, as well as with the land and the sea, and in no direction have we played the fool more conspicuously than in this. Supreme in the new sphere of war when the great strife closed, masters of the greatest air fleets which the world had seen, we have contrived in a few short years to throw away every advantage and to reduce ourselves in this vital particular to the level of a third-rate Power. Yet the air policy which should have been pursued by this country after the war was very obvious and very easy. It is identical with that which has been actually followed by Germany, namely, to devote all, or at least much the greater part, of any funds which could be spared to the development of civil and commercial aviation. Suppose that course to have been followed in 1919 and in the years since. Then many of the great firms engaged in the business of building aeroplanes or aeroplane engines might have continued their work. They need not have shut down their plant, or discharged their designers. The fifteen or eighteen millions a year which we have annually expended on our forces, spent as suggested, would have given us by this time thousands of trained pilots and have developed the use of flying machines. In time of war, or when it threatened, all these could have been made available for its purposes in one direction or another, and

England, instead of being, as now, amongst the hindmost in aerial resources, might have remained the greatest air power on earth.

Instead of following this course, the money voted by Parliament was assigned almost entirely to the creation of a military air force, to building barracks and to acquiring grounds, while only the most exiguous doles were granted to support civil aviation. Could greater fatuity have been displayed? In the result, London and all our great cities and centres of population are now devoid of any adequate means of defence against a danger which becomes more imminent and more terrible every month. In this respect the warnings constantly given us by the experts resemble the outlines of a nightmare. They tell of the constant invention of new and more deadly chemical gases which, let loose at immense heights in the air, will descend upon the human rabbit-warrens of this land and plunge vast numbers of its inhabitants in one common doom. These are not the random imaginings of writers of fiction, but the deeply serious monitions of men who know. How much attention do they get in this country in comparison with that given to cricket, racing, golf, or football? Yet the experts tell us that both Germany and the Russian Bolshevists are deeply engaged in the study and the manufacture of these hideous means of human destruction, and in the preparation, either at home or in foreign countries, of immense fleets of all-metal aeroplanes. We are even told that the Soviet Government, in anticipation of possible reprisals, are actually constructing great gas-proof subterranean shelters in some of their towns. We have to add to all this the steady diminution always proceeding in the degree of protection afforded by distance, for the range of aeroplane flight is always increasing, and the city which seemed safe to-day may be unsafe to-morrow.

As we look at the new buildings constantly arising in London and elsewhere we are tempted almost irresistibly to wonder how long these are destined to stand, and to picture to ourselves, however unwillingly, the fearful scenes which too probably may accompany their end. Civilisation to-day lives, indeed, as under the sword of Damocles.

In view of all these and other manifest perils, with India seething, with Egypt demanding our withdrawal, with

the Atlantic ports of Southern Ireland in the hands of our irreconcilable foes, it seems truly marvellous that almost every suggestion of reduction of taxation should assume that it can be made at the cost of the fighting services. Why should not the immense Civil Service expenditure be first reduced? What sense is there in spending huge sums on national education and on ameliorations of all kinds, while leaving the very existence of the people whom we thus propose to benefit in doubt? Future events can indeed never be exactly foretold, yet human reason is able to mark in advance the approach of great catastrophes. No one, for instance, could foretell precisely the shape in which the war with Germany would come, yet many were able to see that it was coming. In like fashion all whose eyes are open can plainly perceive the swift growth of further menace. The League of Nations could not prevent either Germany or Russia from raining bombs upon London, so soon as a favourable moment occurs, nor could it arrest—as a fact it has not arrested—the progress of vast subversive movements in Asia. Did the League stop the explosion in the cathedral of Sofia? Since the children of England are in imminent peril of being destroyed by the million a few years hence, if not sooner, by bombs from the sky, would it not be better to spend more money upon averting that danger from them and less upon equipping them with knowledge which they may never live to use?

In questions of this nature there is a terrible pertinence to which the inhabitants of this land had better awaken quickly, for time is growing short. To meet the air threat, so far as it can be met, the only partially effective means hitherto adumbrated have been a compact between France, England, Italy, and the States of Eastern Europe to make combined reprisals upon Germany, should she initiate an aerial onslaught on any neighbour. Whether such a warning would make any impression on the Russian Bolshevists is, however, doubtful. Yet, to give any chance of success to this scheme, manifestly each partner in the pact must possess the largest posible aerial force, and to obtain this force the development of civil aviation is absolutely essential. Failing such a compact, we must remain, as now, practically defenceless, hoping only for the discovery of some scientific invention which may paralyse the flight of aeroplanes.

Professor Charles Sarolea's Recent Book on Soviet Russia

By His Eminence Cardinal Mercier

Archbishop of Malines

[*His Eminence Cardinal Mercier has contributed the following Introduction to the forthcoming French and American Editions of Professor Sarolea's book, "Impressions of Soviet Russia," some chapters of which originally appeared in* THE ENGLISH REVIEW.]

IF we could cross-examine public opinion at home, I mean the opinion of those educated people who, in our Latin countries, in Italy, in France and Belgium, are habitual readers of newspapers and magazines, and who borrow from them the substance of their judgments, even when they do not entirely take from those newspapers their judgments ready made; if, I say, we could obtain from those readers a referendum as to what they think of the tragic events of which Russia was the theatre and ultimately the victim in the course of the past war, I believe that most of them would pronounce a summary and very harsh verdict on the crimes of *the Bolshevists* and the tyranny of the Soviets, but that very few would think of *Bolshevism* itself.

Facts succeed each other like the scenes of a cinema film. When the last scene has been unrolled, spectators carry with them some vague general impression, but very few are those who try to reconstitute, mentally, the thread of the argument, or who will go back to the idea which informs and inspires it.

Dr. Charles Sarolea, a Belgian by origin, a Belgian and a Latin by education, for many years Professor of French Literature and History at the University of Edinburgh, is a scholar of the highest and broadest culture; he

has read widely, he has been a ubiquitous traveller, he is an observer who divines and diagnoses the causes of events.

The work which he presents to-day to the French public is entitled *Impressions*. The title, however, ought not to mislead the reader. No doubt the author has put down his "impressions," and he imparts those impressions in the same descriptive, lively and fascinating way in which a novelist of the Tolstoy type would narrate those scenes of carnage and torture which his powerful imagination has conceived. But Sarolea does not put before us merely imaginary pictures, he has not invented them, he has seen what he describes, he has lived his impressions, and when, having returned to the solitude of his study, he has collated those impressions and subjected them to the laborious investigation of his philosophical analysis, he has managed to draw from them judgments which will be confirmed by the verdict of history and which will be a solemn warning for generations to come.

The massacres which were coldly perpetrated by the Bolshevists; the loss of ten million lives which were carried away by famine; the works of art which were destroyed, and the altars which were smashed by the revolutionary hammer, are only episodes. However tragic and appalling, they are generally transitory in their effects.

The Bolshevist doctrine, however, and its programme of hatred, of devastation, are horrors of a permanent character. Educated persons might conceivably take no detailed cognisance of Bolshevist crimes; but anyone who is concerned about the future of civilisation cannot henceforth afford to ignore Bolshevism.

Try to order, if you can, dear reader, a little volume in blood-red covers, which is circulated by most Communist Libraries. It is called the "*A.B.C.*" *of Communism*. Its authors are two men whose names carry great weight in the Party, N. Bukharine and E. Préobrajensky. You will see, therefrom, what the Soviet Power is aiming at, what it hopes to do with the child, with the family, with education, with moral and religious traditions, with that imposing edifice of civilisation to whose erection twenty centuries have contributed, under the shelter of which we are living, and which all the time we are trying ceaselessly to improve.

In that Communist manual you will find no other ideal but devastation, no other inspiration except hatred.

It is an imperative duty for all teachers and leaders of public opinion, for all statesmen, to know and to understand those doctrines. It is necessary for them to see how Communism emerges from Marxism, why the materialist conception of history was bound to bring about, sooner or later, in Russia and elsewhere, and will still further bring about, unless we take great care, in France and Belgium, the destruction of all that we value and love, the ruin of the great institutions of the civilised world, private property, the family, justice, the army, morality and religion. It is no less necessary in the light of a sinister experience to obtain a clear consciousness of our social responsibilities, to try to undertake the great work of salvaging our social order, if we do not want to be, ourselves, because of our sins of omission, the accomplices of an Inferno whose very menace makes us shudder.

Those truths the book of Charles Sarolea illustrates with the craftsmanship of a master. On some secondary points we may not accept the opinions or the forecasts of the author, but we can only admire the scientific construction and the solid foundations of his work. And we can allow ourselves to be convinced and captivated by the historical and philosophical interpretation of the Soviet Revolution which we can draw from his book.

[*We much regret that Professor Sarolea's concluding article on Tsarism arrived too late from abroad for inclusion in this number. It will appear next month.*—Ed., E.R.]

Lord Balfour in Palestine

By the Rt. Hon. Lord Raglan

One of the most widely spread misconceptions on the Palestine question, a misconception shared by the *Times* leader writer, who wrote that "Syria is, of course, not affected by the Balfour declaration," is that there exists a country called Palestine, with immutably fixed boundaries, which has always maintained an identity distinct from that of its neighbours.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Eight years ago the very name of Palestine was unknown to most of its inhabitants. It was then the sanjak of Jerusalem and the southern half of the vilayet of Beirut. For 2,000 years Palestine has been part of Syria, and for 1,300 years Damascus has been the chief city of Syria. Clothes, carpets, brass ware, sweetmeats, etc., made in Damascus are sold, often by Damascenes, in all the shops in Palestine, but the British and French authorities have vied with each other in imposing vexatious custom and passport regulations, and Damascus is now almost cut off from its natural port at Haifa, and is compelled to depend on the toy railway which winds over the Lebanon from Beirut.

The boundary between the French and British zones was arrived at as a compromise after a long squabble, and is from every point of view quite indefensible. I will give an example of its results. The Zu'bi family, which claims descent from the Prophet, is settled at several villages in Hauran (French zone) and in that part of Hauran which has been transferred to Transjordan, and also in the Nazareth and Beisan districts of Palestine. The members of this family, living within a few miles of each other in what was the heart of Syria, now owe allegiance, some to King George, some to the French Republic, and some to the Emir Abdalla, and must obtain passports if they wish to visit each other.

This division of one small country into three, which

has caused serious dislocation both of trade and social relations, is rightly attributed to the Zionist policy, and is alone sufficient to make the name of Balfour execrated by all Syrians.

If some conqueror decided to separate England south of the Thames from the rest of the country and settle it with Chinese, the Moscow *Times* might say that it was no concern of the people of Birmingham, but the feelings of the Syrians are very much what those of the English would be.

But, say the Zionists, the circumstances are quite different. Palestine is a deserted country, inhabited only by a few wandering shepherds. A census was taken in 1922, so we are in a position to test the truth of this assertion. The district of Acre comprises fifty-two villages, and contains a population of 35,535. This consists of 33,868 settled Arabs, 1,667 Beduins, and 144 Jews. Compared with Rutland, the population per acre is as four is to three. I have taken Acre because the area is easy to calculate, but there are six districts out of the eighteen into which Palestine is divided which number only sixty-two Jews among their population of 181,738.

There are 67,766 Jews in the towns of Jerusalem, Jaffa, Haifa, Safad, and Tiberias, and only 16,028 in the remainder of Palestine, including all the much-vaunted agricultural colonies. Many Jews have entered since the census was taken, but the great majority of these have gone to swell the urban population.

We must suppose that Lord Balfour was not allowed to visit any of the numerous parts of Palestine in which Jews are almost as rare as Chinamen in England. According to the reports he seems to have gone from one Jewish colony to another, surrounded by an inner guard of Zionists and an outer cordon of police and soldiers. His tour was not without bloodshed, since it led to a party of Jewish pilgrims being attacked at Nablus, yet it has been proclaimed by almost the whole of the Press as a triumphant success. What happened in Palestine has been contrasted with what happened at Damascus, so we can only conclude that the success lies in the fact that no attack was made on Lord Balfour's person. An ex-Prime Minister was able to pass through

certain carefully selected parts of a British dependency and escape with a whole skin. What a triumph!

The conclusion has been drawn that public security is better in the British than in the French sphere. The basis of this appears to be that while the British, by employing every available military engine, soldier, and policeman, were able to overawe the 30,000 Arabs of Jerusalem, the French did not think fit to employ a correspondingly larger force to overawe the 300,000 Arabs of Damascus. Nevertheless the Arabs of Palestine showed their disapproval of Lord Balfour in every way open to them, and it must have been a proud moment for this champion of Christendom when he learned that the Patriarchs of the Orthodox and Roman Catholic Churches had held a meeting with the President of the Moslem Council, and that they had all three agreed to refuse him permission to visit the Holy Places, and to absent themselves from Jerusalem during his visit.

Now a word on the Hebrew University which Lord Balfour journeyed to Jerusalem to open. I believe that nobody who is acquainted with the facts would venture, as he did, to predict a successful future for it. There exists a widespread belief that the Jews are a sort of vast mutual admiration society. This is far from being the case. Even in London squabbles on questions of ecclesiastical policy are far more frequent and acrimonious than they are among, let us say, the Methodists. Here they are kept within bounds by the fact that a very large proportion of the Jews are reasonable and broad-minded men. In Palestine reasonable and broad-minded Jews are almost non-existent. Nearly all are extremists of one kind or another. They may be broadly divided into two schools, those who believe in Communism and free love, and those who believe that it is wicked to eat an egg laid on the Sabbath. It is inconceivable that these two schools could work together to conduct an efficient University, and it will probably be divided into portions, so that students can make a choice between Karl Marx and the Talmud. But even were the improbable to occur and an efficient University set up, it is difficult to see who would attend it. The number of openings for Jewish lawyers, doctors, etc., in Palestine is and must remain small, and a consider-

able proportion of these will no doubt continue to be filled by Jews from elsewhere. It is most unlikely that Jews will come in any numbers from Europe to learn in Hebrew what they could learn much more profitably in English or German.

On its classical side it will probably form a centre for all that is retrograde and obscurantist in Jewish theology, while its modern side will be no more than a secondary school for the young Communists of Palestine.

In his final speech, Lord Balfour laid stress on the necessity of co-operation between the Jews and Arabs. This is very difficult between two peoples so different in customs, language, and ideas, especially when such co-operation is denounced as treason by the extremists on both sides. Co-operation can only take place on a basis of equality, and Lord Balfour's visit has probably done more than anything except his Declaration to draw attention to the favoured position of the Jews, and so to make co-operation impossible.

It is too early to estimate in full the results of Lord Balfour's visit. It has shown that the Arabs of Syria and Palestine are united in their opposition to Zionism. It has shown that the heads of the Christian Churches in Palestine, none of them Arabs, are convinced that Zionism is inimical to Christianity. It has convinced the Arabs that the Balfour Declaration was no mere impersonal statement of policy, but the result of a deliberate intention on the part of one whom they regard as England's most influential statesman to exalt the Jews at their expense. Finally, it has awakened in a most lively form those feelings of hatred and terror—the latter, the fear of being turned out of their homes, being the chief cause of the former—which, though often dormant, are always present in the breast of every Palestinian Arab.

Mr. Churchill's visit in 1921 was the principal cause of the riots in the Jaffa district which led to so much bloodshed and destruction. It will need all the vigilance of the Government to prevent similar occurrences in 1925.

The Air Raid Danger

By Lt.-Col. W. Lockwood Marsh
(*Late Secretary of the Royal Aeronautical Society*)

WHEN, on a still summer's night, a cockchafer drums its way in through the open window and makes for the electric light, filling the room with its drone, to bump its fruitless way round the unyielding glass before sailing off on some other quest, it is impossible not to be reminded of other less peaceful nights in London seven, eight and nine years ago. Impossible not to recall the unmistakable rhythmic throb of the Gotha's two engines, dim at first and then increasing in intensity until their exasperating hum seemed, to tired nerves, to fill the universe: then dying down, only to come on again as the thwarted pilot tried to penetrate the defences in another spot, and so go round the circle of the barrage, bumping his nose into the twinkling shell bursts until he found a weak spot and was able to get through and lay his "eggs," or—like the cockchafer—turn away and follow his thwarted path eastward, or perhaps—though how seldom!—meet his end swiftly at the mouth of a machine-gun or by a chance shell-burst.

Impossible, too, not to look forward to the next war, which is perhaps—or perhaps not even "perhaps"—now preparing, and to speculate on the air raids that will take place then with infinitely more efficient machines and bombs in infinitely greater numbers. One factor that is often overlooked in the too-common complacency with which the German air raids in the late war are now viewed is that we were fortunate in having an enemy who, though not lacking in knowledge and skill, was already, before the development of aircraft made raids possible, becoming war-jaded and short of pilots possessing the less common form of courage which is capable of forcing a way through an apparently solid wall of searchlight beams and bursting shells in the darkness over an inhospitable and unknown

country. In the next war raids will take place immediately on—some think before—the declaration of war against perhaps unprepared, and certainly untried, defences; and they will be carried out by the pick of a nation's manhood, intensively trained and burning with zeal to end the war at one stroke before it has well begun. Unquestionably, in raids of this nature the orders will be that the objective must be reached at, in the grim military formula, "all costs," and the loss of 50 per cent. or more of the attacking force will not be considered too great a sacrifice if success be achieved. Under such circumstances it is difficult to see what effective defence can be offered, provided the attack is sufficiently determined. Ruling out such fantastic improbabilities as "death rays" and similar fanciful methods of putting aircraft engines out of action, there are three forms of defence against aeroplanes:—

(1) Anti-aircraft guns.
(2) Balloon "aprons."
(3) Aeroplanes.

Although, admittedly, considerable advances in the technique of anti-aircraft gunnery—in the methods of location, range-finding, etc.—have been made since 1918, the fact remains, and always will remain, that the addition of movement in a third plane to the ability of the land or sea vehicle to alter speed and course immeasurably decreases the chance of securing a hit. This is sufficiently obvious in daylight, but when one adds the problem of locating at night an enemy who, immediately on coming into the beam of a searchlight, can twist and turn in every direction and yet must be held in that beam—long enough, at any rate, for the range to be found, set on the gun, and the gun fired—the problem becomes one of almost impossible complexity. Even the assistance of batteries of sound locators working in pairs or in threes, to give what is called in navigation a "fix," will be likely to prove illusive when the raiders are flying in squadrons, or even "wings" of thirty to forty machines, and there is no conceivable means of telling whether or no any two locators are "listening-in" to the same machine. One is inclined to think for these reasons that the specialised form of anti-

aircraft gunfire developed during the war and known as the "barrage" will be the method adopted. This, of course, consists in plastering the sky in a circle round the raider's objective for a depth of several thousand feet with a wall of shell-bursts of such intensity that no raider can, or at any rate in theory will, penetrate it. When all is said, this method depends for its efficacy almost exclusively on psychological effect. It is obviously impossible in practice so to fill even a limited portion of the sky with bursting projectiles that an aircraft cannot have at any rate an even chance of coming safely through it, but it unquestionably looks daunting to any but determined raiders. Coupled with the barrage is usually to be found the second form of defence mentioned—the balloon "apron." This was frequently suggested in the early days of the late war, but was only brought into use—primarily by the Italians—about 1917. It consists in having a chain of kite-balloons connected together by cables, from which are suspended wires hanging vertically at frequent intervals. Theoretically, the pilot is, of course, unable to see the obstacle and will fly into it, entangle his propeller, and so be brought down. For technical reasons, however, connected with the necessity for lifting an enormous weight of cable, the apron cannot be situated at any very great height above the ground. Since the fact of its existence as a part of the defence system is difficult to keep secret, its main purpose is again psychological—to compel the raiders to fly high to avoid the danger, and so have less prospect of locating, and hitting, any definite objective. Given really determined raiders, it is difficult to believe that either the barrage or the apron will have any great efficacy, and it must be borne in mind that they both belong to that negative class of purely defensive measures which have never yet proved effective in other forms of war operations. The whole history of warfare shows that passive methods of defence are never in the long run successful; and, after all, the barrage and the apron are akin to the policy of the commander of a beleaguered city who sits within a ring of fortifications and makes no attempt to strike back.

It appears, then, that ground defences against aircraft attack are not calculated to give security, because if they

are of such a nature as to involve direct shooting at the enemy the proportion of hits is likely to be negligible, whereas if they are of the passive order they are unlikely to deter a bold enemy and will have an infinitesimal chance of causing casualties. In this connection it must be remembered that no line of defence which does not include a prospect of inflicting loss on the enemy is of any real value. Even if the raiders are prevented from reaching their primary objective, unless they are destroyed they may turn their attention to other less desirable though still important points, and in any case are free to come back another day.

We are driven, then, to the only remaining form of defence—aeroplanes attacking the raiders in the air. This is, in the writer's opinion, unquestionably the most effective line to adopt, as it has the immense advantage of being active and calculated to destroy. There is nothing supine about it, and the older methods of warfare have proved the desirability of meeting like with like. But the bombing aeroplanes of the future will be very different from the comparatively defenceless machines of the past. Improvements in control will make them far less cumbersome to manœuvre, so that fast fighting scouts will not be able to "make rings round" them and select a vulnerable spot so easily as they could. Tendencies in design have also made it easier to provide cockpits for machine-gunners in positions which give them a good field of fire. A question which has still to be definitely settled is whether the pilot of a fighting scout carrying a fixed gun, in which—as in a submarine—the machine and not the gun itself is trained on the mark, has a real advantage over the machine-gunner with a weapon on a swivelling mount. Military opinion during the late war was (and still, apparently, to-day is) all in favour of the former method, but there are many sound judges who think that the point is at any rate debatable, and if they should prove to be right the case for the light scout aeroplane as a defence against heavy bombing aeroplanes is very considerably weakened. In any case, assuming we are right in supposing that night will be chosen as the time for the raids, the first requisite is to find the enemy. This is an obvious desideratum which is not by any means so easily satisfied as might appear. On a moonlight night aero-

planes are extraordinarily difficult to see from the air unless they pass between the observer and the moon, but under moonless conditions the problem becomes similar to that of the fabled blind man looking for a black cat in a dark room. In fact, the defending aeroplanes are almost entirely dependent upon the ground observers to find their prey for them. Once the raiders are caught in the beam of a searchlight they become visible and can be attacked, provided always that the beam can hold them long enough for the defending machine to swoop to the attack before the bombing machine has slid out of the ray into obscurity again. The launching of a bomb gives no tell-tale flash to expose the position of the marauder, as is the case with a gun fired from a land battery or a ship, and the noise of the engines is, of course, completely drowned for the scout pilot by the sound of his own. Added to this, the difficulty of getting searchlights on to the raiders is considerably enhanced when friendly aeroplanes are also in the air by the problem of differentiating in the listening controls—from which the bearings are given to the searchlights—between the sounds of the friendly and hostile aircraft. This problem is not perhaps insuperable, since the probabilities are that long-distance raiding aeroplanes will be of the multi-engine type, while the defending scouts will almost certainly be of the single-engine variety, and it does appear to be possible to devise an automatic sound-locator which will differentiate between the two. How far this will remain possible when the air is filled with aircraft of both types is, however, problematical. We have, in fact, arrived at precisely the same difficulty that we found when considering the question of defence by direct anti-aircraft gunfire—that of ascertaining with certitude that any two or more sound-locators are ranging on the same machine. In fact, the possible efficacy of all active defence against hostile air attack, whether by aeroplanes or gunfire, seems to depend primarily upon this root problem of locating from the ground the position of the raiders. When one considers the further problems of counter-attack that have been enumerated herein there seems every confirmation of the view expressed at the commencement of this article that there is no effective defence against well-organised air attack properly pushed home by determined raiders.

Sun and Artificial Sun Baths

By Prof. Leonard Hill, F.R.S.

The experience of the past year, a wet and cloudy period, poor in sunshine, intensified in gloom, as is always the case in the big cities, by smoke pollution, has shown that the good effects of a visit to a sunny climate can be had in this country by means of artificial sun baths and a suitable discipline of life. A variety of cases of illness have been chosen and experimentally treated, and almost without exception improvement, and generally great improvement, has resulted. This has happened not only with cases kept in a hospital ward in a healthy suburb, but with those who continued to live in London and attended the experimental clinic as out-patients. Sickly children so treated come to have the looks and good spirits of healthy children spending a holiday at the seaside. Beyond the visible rays of the sun's spectrum lie the invisible, or dark, heat rays. These rays are absorbed by and heat particularly the surface, while the visible rays largely penetrate the skin and warm the blood beneath. In sufficient power all these rays burn the skin by overheating it. When sunlight is passed through a quartz prism, invisible, insensible, ultra-violet rays extend beyond the violet rays. These have very little heating power, and yet can produce intense sunburn. In moderation they have a health-giving effect. They are cut out of the sunlight by mist, smoke, fog, ordinary window glass, and clothes, and in the winter the citizen gets almost none. Daily measurement of the ultra-violet rays shows that smoke pollution in London robs us of half to two-thirds of the amount of these rays which reach pure country or seaside places. In such places during the winter the amount is at best very small, especially in the more misty North, and probably only those out of doors most of the day then get enough. A new *vitaglass* has just been introduced which allows ultra-violet rays to pass, but even if this were substituted in

windows, the screening by houses, smoke pollution, and misty winter skies would allow little to reach us indoors, and then we are mostly covered with clothes. A simple substitute is at hand, viz., arc light baths. These are inexpensive and easy to manage, and a short exposure of the naked body once or twice a week suffices, but it must be borne in mind that just as the white skin, unused to the sun, can be most severely and painfully burnt by incautious exposure on the seashore to the high summer sun, so, too, very severe burning can be produced by over-exposure to arc lights, and people can be made very ill thereby. All such artificial sun baths must therefore be controlled by expert advice.

The ultra-violet rays do not penetrate through the outer skin or epidermis, but are absorbed and act on the layers of living cells which lie just beneath the horny scales of the epidermis. These cells are of myriad number, and changes are produced in them by the rays which result after a short time in flushing of the cutaneous blood vessels, an increase of lymph in the skin, and of lymphocytes both locally and in the blood, with a rise in the power of the blood to destroy microbes. Peeling and browning of the skin follow later. In the rickety child the amount of inorganic phosphorus in the blood which is abnormally low is put up, and it has been shown that animals and children can be cured of rickets by ultra-violet radiation even if kept on a deficient ricket-producing diet. The causes of rickets are wrong quality of diet and deficient exposure of the skin to sunlight. The provision of arc baths in all welfare centres, schools, and public baths will have a profoundly good effect on the public health. Children (clad only in a loin cloth) could have musical dances a yard or two yards away from the arc lights, which would be suitably guarded by wire nets. The arcs, say two or four in series, require to be powerful and naked and fitted with white flame carbon poles: that is, carbons with a suitable metal core which increases the ultra-violet rays. A couple of such baths taken each week, the exposure being for fifteen minutes, would suffice, so that hundreds of children could be treated at each installation. A teacher might easily be trained for the purpose.

It is an immense thing to realise that by such simple

means the good effect of the Alps and the Riviera can be brought home to people who cannot afford to go there. In the country and at the seaside, particularly in the South-east and South of England, sunlight baths can be taken in sheltered spots even in winter. On clear days, out of the wind, the sun is powerful enough even at Christmas to warm the skin. When the naked body is exposed the visible rays penetrate to the subcutaneous blood and warm that. The touch of cold air, together with the warm touch of the sun to the naked body, give a delicious feeling, and one then realises of how much the clothes rob one.

The new glass penetrable by ultra-violet rays could be used for wind-screens, but one must bear in mind that a hot glasshouse effect is disadvantageous. The appetite and tone of the muscles require to be stimulated by exposure to cold air. The new glass can also be used for making the bulbs of tungsten filament incandescent lamps, which would then become a source of very mild ultra-violet rays, from which no danger of sunburn can arise. Such lamps, with the far more expensive quartz bulbs and fitted with a polished nickel-plated reflector, have been introduced in the new experimental monkey house at the Zoo. They afford a safe method of securing ultra-violet rays in the home.

One of the most remarkable discoveries of to-day is the fact that the natural anti-rachitic (rickets-curing) quality of such a food as cod liver can be given to other oils, such as linseed oil, which do not possess this quality, by ultra-violet radiation. The great source of the anti-rachitic substance, as also of the growth vitamine known as fat soluble A, is fresh young green food and milk and butter of cows fed on such, and eggs of fowls. We do not yet know whether vitamine A can be produced in foods by radiation, for example in margarine—probably not; experiment will soon decide. We do know, however, that the anti-rachitic substance can be so produced, and that this depends on the presence and activation of a complex substance called cholesterol, which is a constituent of both plants and animals.

It is claimed that plants are drawn less by the use of *windolite* as a substitute for greenhouse glass; it is an aceto-cellulose film reinforced with wire net, which lets

ultra-violet rays through. Experiments are now in progress both with *windolite* and the new glass on growth of plants and their anti-rachitic and growth-vitamine qualities. It is just possible that greenhouse practice may be profoundly altered by the results of such experiments. Enough has been already done to show that growth and fruiting are altered by giving or withholding ultra-violet rays, and by extending the hours of lighting. So, too, it has been shown that the successful raising of chickens and the laying power of hens and fertility of eggs are increased by ultra-violet radiation. By acting on developing embryos, *e.g.*, frogs' spawn, with these rays monsters can easily be produced.

The ultra-violet radiation from arc lamps includes rays of much shorter wave-length than those present in sunlight, and these shorter rays have the most powerful lethal effect on unicellular organisms such as infusoria, microbes, and on the developing embryos in frogs' or other spawn. They have, however, very little power of penetrating living or dead tissue, and, being absorbed by the horny layer of the skin, have no effect on us. The rays which affect the skin are just those which come through the atmosphere on clear days and a high sun. These are the middle ultra-violet rays. The longer ones next to the visible violet rays like these penetrate the epidermis, and, absorbed by and warming the cutaneous blood, have no specific chemical effect on the living cells of the epidermis. Whether, then, we expose our skin to the high, clear sun, or to arc lamps, the effect is the same, severe sunburn resulting from over-exposure, and a health-giving reaction from moderate exposure. Warning must be given against the danger of using carelessly one form of arc lamp, viz., the mercury vapour lamp, owing to this light having very little heating power, while being most powerful in ultra-violet rays.

The powerful white flame carbon arc by its intense light and heat demands respect, and an ignorant person would naturally keep further away from it.

It must be borne in mind that the effect of the rays varies inversely as the square of the distance. That is to say, the effect is quadrupled by halving the distance of the naked body from the lamp. By keeping people by

means of a wire screen a yard away from the lamp, and by shortening the exposures to at first five, and then ten, and finally fifteen minutes, safety from sunburn is gained. Smoke glasses have, of course, to be worn to protect the eyes. The same precautions have to be taken against the Alpine sun. It is possible to intensify greatly the ultra-violet radiation of the white flame carbon arc by putting a core of tungsten in one of the carbon poles, but this is expensive and unnecessary if arcs of sufficient power are used.

Round one such arc taking 100 volts and 30 amperes half a dozen patients can sit a yard away and feel just as if bathed in warm sunlight.

Our Marriage Service "Made in Germany"

By Florence Fenwick Miller

The Compromise Votes taken at the recent sitting of the House of Clergy on the alteration of the bride's vow in the Church of England Marriage Service produced a situation obviously too absurd to be allowed to settle the question. To first determine, as those reverend gentlemen did, by one hundred votes to sixty-nine, still to exact from all the women married in church an unreserved promise to "obey him," and then to vote, by eighty-six to seventy-eight, that the words "to obey" shall be removed from the woman's subsequent spoken vow, is to stultify themselves. By the later resolution the vow is to be a mutual promise "to love, cherish and *serve*." But of what avail is it to alter that formula if a promise has already been demanded from the bride, in her "I will" response to the question "Wilt thou obey him"? A promise is a promise, and only Old Father William in Wonderland ever maintained that mere repetition adds to the validity and force of a solemn undertaking.

But the fact is that the Marriage Service of the Prayer Book is so *saturated* with the idea of the subordination of the wife that the omission of one phrase or two will not bring it into harmony with the spirit of the time. Indeed, even at this Congress, not only did the reverend gentlemen vote nearly two to one against Canon Lacey's amendment to delete the promise of unconditional obedience in all things from the wife's "I will," but there were not lacking several speakers to urge wholeheartedly the maintenance throughout the service of the sex distinction. The old claim that there always must be absolute authority vested in one person, and that of course that one must be the husband, was brought forward; and the fact that partners in any other business than carrying on a family do not

swear implicit obedience of the one to the other as an arbitrary head, but divide authority between them in different departments by mutual agreement, or consult with each other and decide according to a common and common-sense desire to arrange for the best interests of the business, was overlooked. The Rev. Dr. Harris further urged that "to leave out the wife's promise to obey would be a revolution in society, and would mean anarchy in the family, and therefore in the State." The Rev. Dr. Waggett followed with an assurance that "it would be a grave error to do anything to weaken the husband's authority in the home," and so forth. And, as we have seen, these arguments prevailed to secure a vote for the bride's "I will" to continue to include a promise of "obedience." But really, if reverend gentlemen will abandon their narrow Established Church peep-hole and survey the world more widely, there is clear proof available that conjugal harmony and the well-being of States do not depend upon making the wife's unquestioning obedience to her husband the religious basis of the family.

The fact is that the Protestant Church is absolutely singular in demanding of a woman in marriage an undertaking to thenceforth subordinate her own will, judgment and conscience in all things to her husband. Conversely, that Church service is alone in conveying to the mind of a newly wedded man the bad and mischievous lesson that in his married life he has a divinely appointed right to indulge those all-too-human natural weaknesses, arbitrary exercise of power, selfishness, vanity and egotism, in the very relationship in which, for the happiness and well-being of both, the exact reverse conduct ought to be preached.

Leaving aside the marriages contracted at the Registry Office, there are hundreds of thousands of homes set up by means of a religious service in our own country in which there is no vestige of the wife's vow of obedience or the assurance to the man of his right to supremacy. There is nothing of this in the marriage ritual of (1) Roman Catholics, (2) Jews, (3) Quakers or Friends. Both in Great Britain and on the Continent, in the Catholic service the promise for both man and woman is identical, and is essentially the same as in the English service with

the woman's "serve and obey" omitted. The ring is blessed by a prayer that she who will wear it may "keep truth to her husband," but may "abide in obedience" only to God. The Quaker man and woman, in a short form of words, the same for them both, simply call on the Friends present to witness that they take one another in marriage, and promise to be faithful to each other for life. The more practical Jewish community make the bridegroom promise to work for his wife and provide her with all things necessary in her station, as well as more sentimental vows; but the woman is only asked to set her signature to a promise that she will conduct herself "in all ways as beseemeth a Jewish wife." Does it not need considerable audacity to claim that all the marriages so celebrated are less suitably inaugurated and less happy in result than those begun on the terms of the Church of England?

But above all, know, O Englishmen, that your forefathers and foremothers did not base the home life of this great nation on the tyranny of husbands and the submissiveness of wives. The demand for wifely obedience and the duplicate promise to render it were both introduced into the Marriage Service at the Reformation. So was the coarsely worded introductory address. So was the final homily, with its iteration and reiteration of the unlimited masterhood of man and subordination of woman. Now, all these changes from our old service arise from the remarkable fact that our Marriage Service was "Made in Germany." Hence the coarseness. Hence the assertion of the right of the more powerful to exact absolute, unresisting submission from the weaker—the right divine of brute force. All this came into England when our Marriage Service was made in Germany four centuries ago.

Singularly unchanging has been German mentality throughout the ages. Illustrations of this can readily be brought from the records of war, of business, and of vanity and arrogance of thought. But in nothing is this more clear than in regard to the position of women and the relations of the sexes. The position of German women, whether under the law, as citizens, or as individuals in family life, is more debased than is that of women in any other modern civilised nation. Only the other day, in a book by the chief teacher of psycho-analysis (a German,

of course) with which I instructed my mind, I read that a man detests his wife after a few years of marriage (general proposition) because he is tied to her for life, and finds her an expensive appendage, and "because he can possess her at any moment he pleases without the slightest trouble"! She "obeys and serves him," not very successfully in the long run it seems, however!

As the preface to the Prayer Book states, there was before the Reformation no ordered ritual or form of service followed everywhere by authority in this country. Bishops could order or adopt any slight variations that they pleased in the Mass or Occasional Services. By far the most popular of the several "Uses," as they were called, was the "Use of Sarum," arranged by Osmund Bishop of Salisbury in the eleventh century. Next in range was that of York, employed in the Northern Counties. From the few copies, some in MS. and some early printed works, that are now to be found in public libraries, it is ascertained that the various "Uses" are substantially alike, but show many variations in detail.

The Marriage Service in all begins at the church door (thus it was that Chaucer's "Wife of Bath" is stated "At the church door to have taken five" husbands), with a charge from the priest that if the parties themselves or anybody present know of any reason why this man and woman should not marry, they must now declare it. Then followed the question, put successively to the man and woman, whether they were willing each to take the other on the terms set out; to which each answered "I will." This "espousals" question, and the subsequent vows, were always in plain English, though the prayers and psalms were in Latin.

The form of "espousals" is specially interesting in the following version from a copy now existing of the "Use of York." [The Sarum "Use" formula is practically identical with that now in the English Prayer Book for the man's "I will."] I quote the following from Mr. Maskell's learned and exhaustive *Monumenta Ritualia*. The priest asked the man: "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wife, and love her, and worship her, and hold her and keep her in sickness and in health, as a housbond oweth to his wife, and all other women to forsake for her, and only to draw to her

as long as your both lives together last?" And the man must duly answer "I will."

Then came the question to the woman, identical in its wording (including "to worship him"), but for the necessary change of gender and for the insertion of one phrase, namely:

"Wilt thou have this man to thy husband, and *be buxum* to him," and so on to the end, and the "I will."

The wedding party was then led by the priest into the church, and before the altar bridegroom and bride repeated as a vow the consent they had just given. Here, as before, the words were exactly the same for both, except that the bride added "to be buxum to thee." In some versions the bride promises also to be "bonnaire"; and sometimes the phrase is added, "in bed and at board." In one old MS. there is (according to Mr. Maskell) an interesting and, as I think, significant variation in this phrase: "to be buxum to thee *in all lawful places*."

What, then, did the bride's additional promise to be "bonnaire and buxum" mean? Did it mean the same as the crude "to obey" which the Germans substituted for the old English words? Certainly not! To obey is to do exactly as you are ordered, regardless of your own wishes or your own opinions as to right or wise action. To obey is, for instance, to act as did the officers of the Light Brigade at Balaclava when they charged the guns to obey orders, though they knew that the inevitable result would be a disaster. Milton, indeed, puts the doctrine of conjugal obedience plainly:

> Therefore God's universal law
> Gives to the man despotic power
> Over his female, full of awe;
> Nor from that right to part one hour
> Smile she or lour.

It is very different to be "buxum" and "bonnaire." To be "bonnaire" (an evident short form of "debonnaire") is simply to be amiable, kind, gentle; in some old Litanies in English this term is applied to the Blessed Virgin, who is entreated to be "debonnaire" to the worshippers. "Buxum," the invariable promise, derived by philologists from the Anglo-Saxon word for "to bow, to bend," evidently means to be yielding, compliant, not

stiff, stubborn and self-willed. In this sense "buxum" is frequently used in Old English writings. Milton describes the gay Muse Euphrosyne as "buxum, blithe and debonnaire." Obviously, this phrase (actually that of the older Wedding Service) has nothing to do with the Muse *obeying* anybody; it is her amiable, gracious, pliable disposition that is being described. Again, in Spenser's *Faerie Queene* we read that:

> Great Neptune . . . did;
> For great compassion of their sorrows, bid
> His mighty waters to them buxum be.

Two hundred years earlier, again, in a sermon that Mr. Maskell quotes, the sinner who repents is told that as a first step to a better life he must "overcome the unbuxumness of his body." Finally, in *The Golden Litany*, popular in mediæval days, God Himself is prayed to: "By Thy infinite buxumness, have mercy upon us." Surely this is sufficient explanation of the true meaning?

Immediately on receiving this promise the man makes one in his turn—and really a more important one—supported, moreover, by a tangible pledge in the wedding ring and (in the old days) a gift of gold and silver. Consider his special promise as it was phrased then:—

"With this ring I thee wed; and this gold and silver I thee give; with my body I thee worship; and endow thee with all my worldly cathel" (possessions); and he invoked the Holy Trinity to hear this wonderful, sweepingly complete bestowal of himself and all he owned on his bride.

The House of Clergy have voted to drop the word "worship," which is now as obsolete in its old sense as "buxum." It is henceforth to be "with my body I thee honour"—the correct old sense. A version of the Fifth Commandment began: "Worship thy father and thy mother," and in the old York "bidding prayer" special notice was taken of those who should "worship this Church" by gifts, such as bells, vestments, and altar vessels. But "worship" or "honour," as you will: how *does* a man "honour" the woman he marries "with his body"?

Surely it is clear that our ancient Wedding Service regarded these special vows as complemental, and as

referring not to life at large, but to the difficult new relation upon which the couple were now entering. The bride had to promise that as a wife she would be yielding and compliant and gentle to her husband, and the man was made to promise to receive the gift of her yielding to the marital relations with *honour*, not to treat her brutally, rudely, coarsely, but to show her respect "with his body"; and, moreover, he undertook to give material support and benefit to the woman accepting him as her husband. Great promises!

This seems to me wise and full of beautiful and subtle meaning. Can we not get something like it back into our Marriage Service? To the man of to-day a promise to "worship" or even "honour" his wife "with his body" appears meaningless; and to the woman a promise of blind, abject subservience in all things seems so absurd as also to become meaningless and a mere gratuitous insult to the feminine mind and conscience. But how many women might be the better for a reminder that they should be, and have promised in the church to be, gentle, kind, compliant, to their husbands; and how many men for a reminder of the obvious meaning of the special promise they are required by the Church to give to their wives?

That it was German influence, and the expression of German mentality, that altered the Marriage Service for Protestants in this country is only to be thoroughly understood by a study of the extraordinary submission of Archbishop Cranmer to German influences. His obsession by his German "in-laws" and friends, and the consequent results in the preparation of the Prayer Book, are admitted by all his biographers. The changes in, and additions to, the Marriage Service are an instance.

The coarse, indelicate, and unworthy opening address, the vow of obedience twice exacted from the wife, and the final exhortation, devoted to assuring the man of his right in the eyes of God and the Church to selfish, egotistic, absolute despotism over his wife, and crushingly enforcing upon the woman unquestioning submission to her husband as her God-ordained duty: all this was "Made in Germany."

The Exordium, or opening address, is justly described in a paper by the late Hon. and Rev. E. Bligh, of the

Prayer Book Revision Society, as having been "a source of pain and grief to thousands." The Marchioness of Lansdowne in 1840, in a letter describing the wedding of Queen Victoria, complained that the Exordium had been read in full, "which was, as one looked at all the young things that were listening, most distressing," but she added, "happily the Archbishop mumbled a good deal"! Fancy having the address appointed to be read to every wedding party of such a nature as to make a married woman rejoice over a mumbling Archbishop! But by the time that Queen Victoria's great-granddaughter went to the marriage altar it had become quite the usual thing for aristocratic brides not to be given the coarser parts of that Exordium, and at Princess Mary's marriage the young bride and her maiden friends were spared hearing about "satisfying men's carnal lusts and appetites," and the behaviour of "the brute beasts who have no understandings," or of the necessity of marriage as "a remedy against fornication" provided only "for such as have not the gift of continency." Why should the Church continue to prescribe for use by callow curates marrying the commonalty a series of statements, all coarse and some questionable, that Princesses and Peers' daughters are saved hearing from a Bishop's lips?

This objectionable address, with its coarse obtrusion of the lowest end of marriage, and its assertion of the superiority of the unnatural celibate life, was first placed in the first Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth in 1549; and for this Cranmer was almost wholly responsible. Whence did the declaration of the "three purposes of matrimony" arrive in the new Service Book? Direct from Germany! It is almost identical with the wording of the Service Book of Hermann, Archbishop of Cologne, which was prepared largely by the uncle of Cranmer's German wife, Osiander, of Nuremburg, assisted by Melancthon, Bucer, and other German ecclesiastics. This was published in Germany in 1533, and must have been in active preparation and under discussion during Cranmer's lengthy stay in that country in the preceding year, when also he married the German woman and "became very intimate with his wife's relations."

As Cranmer's influence grew in England, so did his

passion for subjecting the religious thought of his country to that of his spiritual and conjugal home. Records abound of the intrusion of these German advisers on English Church matters, and the deep but unavailing resentment of our own divines at the overbearing arrogance and self-assertion of the Germans, and the undue influence given to them by the Archbishop, especially in Edward VI's day. "Cranmer was surrounded by foreign divines." "The history of the Prayer Book down to the end of Edward the Sixth's reign is the biography of Cranmer," writes Canon Mason, "for there can be no doubt that almost every line of it is his composition." But Canon Mason proceeds to admit that "the first Prayer Book of Edward VI (1548) contains much based upon the 'Consultation' of Archbishop Hermann of Cologne, which was familiarly known to Cranmer." Again, Dr. Dowden, Bishop of Edinburgh, in his *Literary Workmanship of the Prayer Book*, says that "both the first two versions owed much to foreign influences, and many features traceable to German sources are still embodied in our Prayer Book." Dr. Dowden goes through the various services, one after another, and shows that "the parallelism between Hermann's book and the first English Prayer Book of 1549 is very close . . . a close and sometimes paraphrastic translation."

Scarcely was the First Prayer Book of Edward VI issued, however, than the German Bucer was expressly invited by Cranmer to give his opinion upon it. He drew up a number of criticisms in a document known as "Bucer's Censura"; and in a large proportion of the alterations made in the Second Prayer Book, of 1552, the German Professor's dicta were obeyed. In the *Church Quarterly* for April, 1897, Dr. Travers Smith occupies no fewer than six pages in showing in parallel columns the passages in one office alone of the Church that were altered from the First Prayer Book in the Second, according to Bucer's criticism.

As to the Marriage Service set out in the First Book, however, Bucer had nothing but praise for it as already revised. "He condescended to approve of it," drily remarks Canon Daniel, "in terms so warm that he may be surmised to have had a hand in its preparation." It is, in fact,

beyond a surmise. The coarsely worded introduction, the insertion of "to obey" in the betrothal, and the vow and the final address were all in Hermann's book, which Bucer had helped to prepare, and were all innovations on the good old English service.

Let us return, therefore, to the spirit of our fathers in a revised Marriage Service; and for the German ideal of the subjected wife and the self-willed husband let us take the English ideal wonderfully set out by our own great poet of five centuries ago, Chaucer, Queen Philippa's Laureate:

> There was a knight that loved . . .
> And many a labour, many a great emprise,
> He for his ladye wrought, ere she were won,
> For she was one of th' fairest under th' sun . . .
> And, for to lead the more in bliss their lives,
> Of his free will he swore him, as a knight,
> That never in his will, by day nor night,
> Should he upon him take no mastery
> Against her will, but follow her will in all,
> As any lover to his ladye shall,
> She thanketh him, and with great humbleness
> She said, "Sir, since of your gentleness
> You proffer me to have so large a reign,
> I would never (God watch betwixt us twain)
> As by my guilt were either war or strife;
> I will be your humble and true wife. . . ."
> Thus lived they both in quiet and in rest,
> For one thing, Sirs, safely dare I say—
> That friends everywhere each other must obey,
> If they would long hold company.
> Love will not be constrained by mastery!
> When mastery cometh, the God of Love anon
> Beateth his wings, and farewell! he is gone.*

* *Canterbury Tales: The Franklin's Tale.*

France's Debts

By B. S. Townroe

(On behalf of the United Associations of Great Britain and France)

THE problem of the liquidation of the French debts to the United States and Great Britain is perhaps the most difficult one confronting modern statesmanship, but there is no reason why it should be complicated by misunderstandings and by suspicions which have no foundation in reality. Of those misunderstandings the most formidable and most popular is that which seeks to convey the impression that it is the intention of France to repudiate her international obligations. Nothing could be further from the truth. Again and again France has expressed her willingness to come to terms with her Allies concerning these debts. M. Viviani, M. Poincaré and M. Briand have each solemnly declared that France had no intention of taking refuge in repudiation, and M. Herriot and his late Minister of Finance, M. Clémentel, have reaffirmed those declarations. France is aiming not at repudiation, but considerate treatment. As M. Herriot said: "The French Government is entitled to appeal to the comradeship of the friends and allies of France."

It is very necessary, then, if an amicable arrangement is to be reached concerning these inter-Allied debts, that the grounds on which France is appealing for special treatment should be fully appreciated by the British public. These grounds can be roughly divided into two categories —financial and psychological—and it is on that classification that it is here proposed to deal with the issue.

Dealing first with the financial aspect of the case, the salient point to be noted is that France has to pay not one debt, as is the case with Great Britain, but two. France owes the United States roughly £570,000,000 sterling, and Great Britain £434,000,000 sterling. Great Britain owes or owed to the United States £863,000,000 sterling, while France has loaned to her Allies £309,440,000. There

is also the question of Russia's liabilities to the Western Powers—a question which gravely complicates the whole problem of inter-Allied indebtedness. There is not much chance of the Bolsheviks meeting in any substantial fashion the Czarist debts to the Western Powers, and, to do France justice, she has never browbeaten any of her smaller European debtors in the matter of their financial obligations. The result, of course, is that France is compelled to consider the possibility of finding herself in the unfortunate predicament of having to pay back the sums borrowed from the United States and Great Britain in accordance with the somewhat, and perhaps necessarily, vague principles laid down in the Balfour Note, while she can count on getting practically nothing from Russia and even vaguer assurances from her other European debtors.

The reparations to be exacted from Germany, on the other hand, have been whittled down at successive conferences until they reach the comparatively low level of the Dawes scheme. It is, of course, perfectly clear to-day that the sums originally asked from Germany were far beyond her capacity to pay, but at the same time it is necessary to remember that those sums were not fixed by France alone, but by the Allies in concert, and that the French elector is naturally inclined to look somewhat askance upon the gradual amelioration of Germany's obligations, while those imposed on France seem to show little variation at all, except for those concessions laid down in the Churchill Note. And even there some allowance must be made for French susceptibilities, for the Churchill Note definitely declared that French payments should be divided into

(*a*) Fixed annual amounts to be paid by France, irrespective of the actual receipts from the Dawes annuities in a particular year, and

(*b*) A further annual charge on the French share in the Dawes annuity.

What the French object to is the possibility of having to suffer because they are honest debtors, while Germany, should she again default, might escape. The French have always contended that their obligations to their Allies should have a direct relation to Germany's payments to France, and the fact that this relationship is not strictly

adhered to in the Churchill Note is one reason why the generosity of the British offer to the French Government has not been sufficiently appreciated on the other side of the Channel.

Now it must be remembered that, whether rightly or wrongly, France has always counted upon Germany contributing largely not only to the payment of France's debts to her Allies, but also to the restoration of the devastated regions. Yet in that respect France has been woefully disappointed. It is unnecessary here to examine the justice or common sense of France's expectations; the vital point is that she has taken in hand the restoration of her devastated regions almost entirely out of money borrowed in France, and that that source of borrowing has now virtually dried up. France borrowed from her nationals on the strength of Germany paying up; but when the French lender began to realise that Germany was not going to pay up in sufficiently large sums at an early date, he began to be afraid and to look abroad for investments for his capital. That is the explanation of the financial crisis in the last stages of the Poincaré Government, when the Premier, instead of relying on borrowed money, had to have recourse to the drastic proposal of an all-round twenty per cent. increase of taxation. Now Mr. Keynes, who cannot be accused of an excessive bias in favour of France, makes the following calculation:—

> If France were to pay interest on sinking fund, even at a low rate of interest, on what she owes to us and the United States, it would come to rather more than sixty million sterling a year, which is almost exactly equal to the whole of France's share of reparations under the Dawes scheme, on the assumption that this scheme works out in full. Does anyone believe that France, in whatever circumstances, or under whatever threats, will agree to hand over to Great Britain and the United States every penny that she gets from Germany and perhaps more?

The Frenchman is thus faced with this possibility, that he may not only be unable to get sufficient money from Germany to restore his devastated regions, but that any sums which he may receive from that source will be swallowed up in the payments of his indebtedness to the United States and Great Britain.

Let us now consider France's ability to pay those debts from her own resources, that is from the taxation of her nationals. Into the vexed question as to whether France

is lightly taxed compared with this country it is not proposed to enter, for any final judgment is practically impossible. Sufficient is it to quote the remarks made by M. Klotz, the Finance Minister in the Clemenceau Cabinet, to the *Sunday Times* on March 15th :—

> Opinion will, of course, vary with regard to the actual taxation that is paid per head by each individual French and English man, but I would invite critics of my country's paying capacity to submit the whole matter to some impartial court. The financial section of the League of Nations has very little to do, and I think it could profitably employ its time in finding out who were the most heavily taxed people in the world. I think such an inquiry, if scrupulously carried out, would astonish a great many people in England. One thing is at least certain, that Germany is far less taxed than either Great Britain or France. As far as income-tax is concerned, I hold that Frenchmen pay more than you do up to £2,500 a year, but that beyond this figure your people are more heavily taxed.

It must not be forgotten also that the devastated regions of France have withdrawn from the French Exchequer a fruitful source of revenue. Not only is their restoration a heavy burden on the country, but the industries which could have materially contributed to that restoration have been wrecked by the German invasion. To quote M. Klotz again :—

> For years after the war ten large Departments contributed virtually nothing in the way of taxation to the French revenue—an area that before the war used to pay over one-fifth of the total taxation levied on the whole country. Englishmen should try to realise how they would be affected if a similar amount of their own territory and a like number of her factories had been so incapacitated by the war.

Though these facts are admitted, yet large numbers of Englishmen persist in believing that France is lightly taxed compared with this country owing to the well-grounded suspicion that French income-tax is not collected with the same ruthless efficiency and speed which mark the activities of the Board of Inland Revenue in this country. But in fairness to France it must not be forgotten that, like most continental countries, she is accustomed to indirect rather than to direct taxes, and that the income-tax to which we have been accustomed for so many years, and to whose exactions we have been, so to speak, politically educated, is a comparatively new tax in France, and that agricultural countries, of which France is one, have always shown to it a most violent opposition. The

inquisitorial character of this tax has always been repugnant to Frenchmen, and the unpopularity which M. Caillaux enjoyed among his countrymen for so long a period was primarily due, not so much to his foreign policy, as to the fact that he was responsible for introducing the income-tax.

Another point which agitates French economists is the precise means by which those obligations can be paid. International debts can be paid in the long run only by goods and services. The British debt is being paid to America without a grave disturbance of the world's economic equilibrium, primarily because the British Empire is rich in raw materials, in many of which the United States is deficient, but even in this case the steady pouring into the United States of thirty million sterling of British wealth every year may yet have serious repercussions on American prices. Germany in her turn may be able to pay the annuities of the Dawes scheme, because she has at her disposal a magnificent industrial organisation which she may be able to adapt for exports on a colossal scale. But there, again, we must wait and see what may happen when those annuities really begin to flow. France has the advantages neither of Great Britain nor Germany; she is still primarily an agricultural country, while her wines are prohibited in the United States, and her luxuries come up against the American tariff.

These are the financial considerations which ought to be remembered by those Englishmen who think that France can come to the rescue of the British and American taxpayers on a large scale.

Now turn to the second classification—to those psychological or political points of view which have even a greater influence on nations than economic principles and movements. France has always drawn a sharp distinction between her commercial and her political debts, and in the case of her inter-Allied obligations has always contended that they were part of the common sacrifice made for a common cause. Briefly, her standpoint is that if France is to be debited with the money she borrowed from the United States and Great Britain, she ought to be credited with the monetary value of the lives she gave for ensuring the common victory, deeply

repugnant as it is to French feelings to translate into terms of money the blood of her own sons. M. Barriol, a noted French actuary, estimated in 1911 the average social value of an individual in the three countries concerned as follows :—

England	£828	France	£580
U.S.A.	£944		

That value to-day would, of course, greatly exceed these figures. Now, if we include the presumed dead with the known dead in the war we should get the following tables :—

Country.	Numerical Toll.	Valuation.	Total.
England	938,904	£828	£695,420,512
United States ...	109,740	£944	£103,594,560
France	1,654,550	£580	£963,639,000

M. Louis Marin, in a famous speech which he delivered in the Chamber of Deputies in January, 1925, made similar calculations, though he did not calculate the economic value of the individual on the same basis as that given above, but he drew the obvious conclusion.

A similar argument was put in a different way by Mr. Keynes when he said :—

> It has never occurred to us or to America to charge France and Italy for the British and American shells fired off from British and American guns, yet when British or American shells were fired off from French or Italian guns the real cost to us or to America was much less, since France and Italy supplied the gunners, suffered the casualties, and are paying the pensions. Yet in this case we propose to charge France and Italy for the shells. In fact, when American men and guns and shells had time to reach the front so that France was wholly relieved within the sector which they took over, there is no idea in anyone's mind that France should be charged money for the aid which America thus gave to her. When Great Britain sent men as well as supplies to the Italian front, there is no idea of charging Italy anything. But when the American men and guns had not reached the front, and only American shells or American wheat or American petrol reached the French armies, so that France had to find the men to use the equipments and to suffer the human losses, then France has to pay for the shells, the wheat, and the petrol. There is no rhyme or reason in this—no justice or common sense. Why then were these sums lent instead of being given outright at the beginning, which would have saved all this trouble? There was at the time an excellent reason against it—namely, that if the money had been given outright, it would certainly have promoted extravagance and a lack of responsibility in spending.

Two other points are worth noting in this connection: First, the French point out that Great Britain

insisted on including pensions in war costs, and they accordingly argue that if England can include the living who survived the war, surely France can include the dead who gave their lives for the Allied cause.

Secondly, they point out that the French point of view was that shared by Great Britain, namely, an all-round cancellation of inter-Allied debts, until the whole situation was complicated by the refusal of America to modify her claim. That refusal, the French say, did not affect the justice of her argument, though it naturally proved a source of great trouble to Great Britain.

Such, roughly, is the French case for special treatment. It deserves the earnest and unprejudiced consideration of Englishmen: first because France and England were good comrades throughout the Great War, and, secondly, because any grave upsetting of the French financial system due to too rigorous a treatment of France by her creditors would have, in the long run, effects almost as disastrous for the sovereign as for the franc. A healthy France is necessary to the well-being of Europe, but if France were to sink into a financial morass, England might also in time be dragged down with her. As a purely British interest, this country has done much to put Germany, Austria, Hungary and Greece on their feet. Can she afford, then, to neglect or humiliate the country with whose aid she helped to win the war and with whose co-operation and good will she may yet succeed in winning the peace?

Full Circle

By Algernon Blackwood

It was at the age of 36 that Jorden, stockbroker, first saw the little chap, and he establishes the date because it was also the first time he had *realised* he was getting older. Between knowing and realising the gap is wide; all know, for instance, that one day they must die; few realise it. A certain emotion, a small yet definite shock, moreover, invariably accompanies the realisation. On this particular occasion it was a commonplace detail that made Jorden aware that he was no longer twenty-five, a fast forward in the football field—it was loss of breath.

Climbing the steep, sunlit slopes above Igls in the Tyrol, that brilliant August afternoon, his wind failed him momentarily; he paused for breath; his age, as he stood panting, occurred to him; the little shock, the consequent emotion, were also present. It was in this instant that he caught sight of the youngster, chasing a swallow-tail butterfly—uphill.

Jorden stood still for some seconds to watch the pursuit. The radiant face and eager eyes, the mouth half open, the zest and energy in the flying limbs, one arm poising the net to strike—these held his attention vividly.

"Uphill!" he exclaimed to himself, envy and admiration in him; and he was on the point of shouting encouragement to the youngster, when—yet with a movement as though he hid deliberately—the boy was gone. A turn in the path, a dip in the flowered slope, apparently concealed him. At any rate, he vanished. "He'll tire before I do," ran consolingly through the other's mind, as he waited in vain some minutes for the reappearance, then presently continued his steep climb uphill. "Endurance, at any rate, is mine" he comforted himself, "if not that happy zest . . . !"

The incident, for some reason not unconnected with the transient emotion, lingered in his thought: a little English schoolboy, evidently, out with his parents for the holidays. There was another thing that made the picture linger,

something he found himself unable to define precisely, presenting itself vaguely to him as a curious sense of intimacy. A further detail flashed back that night, too, just before sleep came: that the boy, namely, midway in the excitement of the chase, had thrown him an understanding and affectionate glance, "as though," reflected Jorden, "I had been his father, or uncle, or something like that!" Adventure, mischief were in it too. The family luggage, no doubt, was already on the *diligence*, the distraught parents hunting everywhere for "Master Jack" with frantic phrases in German and English. . . . This picture edged Jorden's sleep that night, because, perhaps, he remembered having been similarly naughty in his own childhood years—ah, nearly thirty years—ago. His own reaction to this look that haunted him, he found it difficult to describe, because "yearning" was not the kind of word that would have occurred to Jorden, the stockbroker, at any time, nor one that he would have used without very considerable effort to avoid it. It was, nevertheless, the true and accurate word.

This, then, was the first time that he saw the boy; and it was, he vaguely fancied, the emotion due to his sudden realisation of growing older that made the memory cling.

It was at the age of forty that he saw him next. The interval, meanwhile, had not dimmed the original picture. Often and often he caught himself wondering who the little fellow was; whether he had been smacked for his escapade; whether he had eventually caught the gorgeous butterfly, had got lost in those big wild mountains, had stumbled, hurt himself perhaps . . . until the atmosphere of affectionate interest he had first felt became permanently associated with the youngster and his uncertain fate. This intimate and sympathetic relationship was established in his mind; his heart acknowledged something that was half friendship and half guardianship.

At the age of forty, then, he saw him suddenly again, but in very different surroundings.

Now, at the age of forty, a man knows his first youth is done with, though he is slow yet to admit that he is middle-aged. It comforts him, none the less, to shift his standard of measurement a trifle. He reads with pleasure, for instance, that a public man of that age is referred to by

the newspapers as "a young man still." Forty, his women friends assure him, is nothing, while forty remains forty for all that. In various minor ways he begins, probably, to humbug himself. He knows, but he does not realise, until something happens to force realisation on him. And when Jorden again ran across the little fellow of a few years before, it so happened that he was in the bitter throes of a disappointing love affair, the disappointment due precisely to the fact that he *was* just forty, whereas a certain other man was only just twenty-nine.

Here, again, it was an unusual emotion of the moment that made the incident stick in his memory—at a place of public entertainment, Maskelyne and Devant's, the home of childhood's conjuring tricks and mystery, the place, above all, where people—vanished.

The similarity, at any rate, was overwhelmingly convincing: the same laughing, affectionate expression, the air of mischief, the old quick glance of sympathy, yes, of recognition even. It was the same boy beyond a doubt, although there was now a certain remoteness about him, a certain distance as it were, that puzzled the older man, bringing a hint of chagrin with it. It never occurred to him that the boy looked no older than when he had first seen him. This never entered his head. What did enter his head, curiously enough, was a childhood's memory of his own, when he had infuriated a deaf aunt who was "treating" him in this very place—it was Maskelyne and Cook's in those days, the Egyptian Hall of Mystery, in Piccadilly—by striking a match in the middle of the performance. He had been promptly sent home to bed, with bread and water for his supper. And again his heart yearned towards this little ragamuffin in a sailor-suit—he himself, he remembered, wore a sailor-suit when he lit that match—half-way round the sweep of the dress-circle to the left.

This was during the *entr'acte*. The lights then went down, the curtain rose, faces about him grew dim and indistinct again. The gnawing pain of his unhappy love affair returned to plague him, but with it, now, this strange yearning, this affectionate and intimate tenderness towards his rediscovered youngster that, for the life of him, he could not explain. There was between them, he felt

positive an undecipherable familiarity, a deep understanding sympathy.

Truth to tell, there was a good deal of emotion in the stolid Jorden at that moment, emotion of various kinds. He realised another thing as well—that the performance bored him. He was too old now for these tricks. The conjuring wearied him. He had come to see a particular disappearing trick, much advertised, yet when he saw it its climax found his thoughts elsewhere. He had not followed the business on the stage at all. His head, in the semi-darkness, kept turning towards the sweep of the dress-circle to his left. That jolly little ruffian! He wished he were his own. . . . He would have a good look when the curtain fell. Yet when, presently, it got light again, he experienced a sharp pang of regret and disappointment: the seat was empty, the boy was gone.

"Young monkey," he reflected, with an understanding grin. "Been sent home in disgrace, of course! Did something wicked probably—just as I did—and got packed off to bed." And while he rather hugged the idea, chuckling over it, his heart ached a little because of that empty seat and the lost opportunity of somehow making the acquaintance of its recent occupant.

These two appearances rather haunted him thenceforward, so that, coupling them together, he often thought about them, wonderingly, longingly, yes, yearningly. He wished the boy were his own. The sympathy in him deepened. He flattered himself that he "understood the little rascal," that he could have made him happy, have given him the life, the training, the education his character and temperament best called for. The boy's nature seemed an open book to him. In some inner kingdom of the heart he built it all up with tenderness. Only the sense of remoteness troubled him a little, the sense of distance, widening, it seemed, with the years; this brought a touch of pain with it, hinting that his loss perhaps was final. He countered it, comforting himself thereby, with the reflection that it was spatial merely, due to the fact that they had never actually met and spoken together. . . .

Meanwhile the years passed, age came upon him, fate took him to the East where health suffered, and then, suddenly, a new card was dealt. A relative died, and

Jorden came unexpectedly into great possessions. Also, he came home. With his faded vitality, his uncertain health, his loneliness, he entered into the management, what most call the enjoyment, of a large estate, an historic house, soaked in tradition and half fossilised into something a long line of ancestors, fading back towards 1400, had deposited through the centuries. He recalled visiting the place once as a little boy, when his cousin had it. It was a Sunday. The occasion, indeed, remained sharp in his memory, since he had been punished for birds'-nesting in his go-to-meeting clothes.

It was an atmosphere he was too feeble now to resist. Without energy to become constructive, much less creative, he became that easier thing, a dreamer. The ghosts, the attractive melancholy, swamped him rather; thought ran backwards more and more. . .'. And then it was, walking one crisp autumn morning with the head-keeper through the ancient woods, that he saw a figure suddenly that made him stand stock still: climbing over a stile from the park meadows where the deer were, was the youngster! A school cap perched on the back of his head, the mop of hair was untidy, the Eton suit was torn and muddy, one bootlace was undone. On the face was a guilty, caught-in-the-act expression, yet with the same air of mischief and adventure as before. There was no trace of fear. The laughing eyes, the affectionate trusting look of recognition betrayed no anxiety. And the understanding sympathy, the sense of peculiar intimacy, rose in Jorden like a flood, while with it came the queer assurance that the former remoteness he had known had become distinctly less. He felt nearer to the boy, yet in some subtle fashion as though this greater closeness lay in himself, that *he* had drawn nearer while the boy had never changed. Two incongruous details, however, failed to strike him: that there were no nests in autumn, and that the boy had not grown older.

The man stood for a moment spellbound. "Birds'-nesting! And in his Sunday clothes! How dare he!" Jorden made this observation aloud, interrupting something solemn the keeper was saying about foxes and the decrease in pheasants' eggs. "How well I remember doing it myself—just like that—years and years ago! I

tore my Sunday trousers, too. . . . Eh, Thompson? You were saying . . ?"

But the keeper had touched his cap, murmured a few unintelligible words, and taken a side-path across the woods away from him. The man's face wore almost an uncomfortable look, though, as usual, respectful and attentive. He seemed a trifle scared.

"Now for it!" added Jorden to himself, but still aloud. He felt full of things he wanted to say. The desire to play was in him. This time he would not let his opportunity slip; this time, by heaven, he would speak.

He advanced towards the boy, moving quickly, yet at the same time cautiously, for an odd fear lay in him that, unless he were very prompt, the youngster would be gone, evading him for the third time. With mind and will, therefore, Jorden gripped him steadily in his thought, his eyes fixed hard, his whole being concentrated in the determination to speak. . . . And the face, as he drew nearer, watched him eagerly, expectantly, the eyes half mischievous in their laughter, the expression inviting and charged with interest, almost as if the welcome words: "Come, play with me!" must be audible any moment. Jorden, in fact, while noting every detail with the utmost sharpness, even that the dirtied Sunday clothes were just what he himself had worn in that escapade of his own childhood in these very woods, felt also the positive conviction that he knew the boy as he knew his own soul. "Why I know him as I know myself . . . it's positively absurd!" The yearning in his heart became, of a sudden, indescribable.

It was at this second that two things happened: first—that the dance of light and shadow from the branches wavered curiously in outline, as in an attempt to resolve the figure into a mere effect of woodland magic. At thirty yards, indeed, the boy might easily have disappeared, have suddenly—not been there. But at ten yards this was difficult. No mere effect of light and shade, moreover, could possibly trick his steady gaze, his concentrated mind. Jorden still held the figure with determined grip. He was now within easy speaking distance. Already, indeed, the boy was moving from the stile towards him, smiling, convincingly substantial, and the man, aware that his heart

was thumping, opened his lips to speak. At which moment happened the second thing, namely, that he found no words.

Nothing occurred to him to say; he did not know what words to use. He could find no possible language, no phraseology, the boy would comprehend. The realisation came with a shock of pain. His inarticulateness brought a sense of tears. The understanding, the yearning love he felt, the deep desire to enter into the spirit of the little chap's adventure, the longing to play with him, all this was blocked, desire and hope turned sterile instantly, by the sheer inability to address him in any words that he would understand. This unbridgeable gulf yawned inpassably between the two—a gulf of unshared experience that made language common to them both extremely difficult. An amazing shyness dropped over him.

The pair stood within actual touching distance, when this bitter realisation fell upon Jorden like a blow. His hand was out, his lips were certainly open, and in this attitude of distressing paralysis he remained, for one second, like a frozen statue, dumb and motionless. His mind refused all action, though the eyes held true, fixing the face and figure indubitably clear before him.

In the eyes, then, came the final proof that the gulf between the two was no fancy merely; the sense of remoteness had, indeed, grown less, yet this lack of suitable words remained insuperable. From the expectant, happy face the smile now faded; the sadness in the man's heart was reflected, as by a mirror, in the young features opposite. The gulf was recognised. A strange, an instantaneous, withdrawal took place. It was established that the "remoteness" was assuredly not spatial merely, but was of time and condition, determined, it seemed, as by a great body of unshared experience. . . .

Jorden's outstretched hand completed its gesture, yet not the gesture originally planned: hurriedly, it now covered his own eyes instead. His mind and will, his concentration and assurance, wavered. There was this moment of confused reflection, swift but disturbing, a shadow of some dim, lost memory flickering through it, with twinkling feet, with ghostly skirts. A second later, when he uncovered his eyes again, the stile was empty, the

figure gone. The dance of light and shade shifted through the crisp autumn air, the branches swayed, the breeze passed gently in the wood. Coming slowly up the narrow glade, the keeper reappeared, and Jorden, an intense melancholy and regret in his heart, moved heavily to meet him, his mind searching for phrases about the pheasants and the foxes. . . .

Being a stolid type of man, inarticulate, rather, even to himself, and characteristically shy of the unusual, Jorden thenceforward detected, at the heart of his deep yearning, a note of dread. Desire was still dominant, but this note of dread—it was the merest hint—had become an ingredient of it. "I may see him again any moment, any day," changed into "I'm afraid I may see him any moment, any day." The reason for this was too subtle for him; he "had a feeling," and no more than that. He connected any reappearance now with something in himself; a big fundamental change, as it were; with something, anyhow, his deepest being did not desire. Subsequent meetings—and he knew they were bound to come—would be significant in an unwelcome, almost an unpleasant, kind of way. Shrinking, instinctive and unexplained, accompanied the longing.

The loneliness of his life, meanwhile, of his somewhat unmanageable fate, increased. Not that he cut himself off sourly from his kind—the sweetness in his dumb nature remained—but that his inner life lay silent, uncompanied, inarticulate. Memories, more and more, assailed him, ghostly desires and regrets catching at their skirts. Thought ran increasingly backwards, rather than ahead. Last month was dim, while sixty years ago was vivid. He became old, old, old. . . .

Subsequent "meetings," as expected, did occur, though not yet that particular one he dreaded as significant, even final, a word, however, he did not once permit himself. True to his type, he belonged to those who, after a certain stage, live chiefly in the past, yet without bitterness. His was a sweet and healthy mind; merely it pleased, refreshed and satisfied him to dwell upon far distant years, living over again, as with careless zest, adventures of his early boyhood.

These subsequent "meetings," as he admitted with a

smile of amusement, became, indeed, "curiouser and curiouser": one at a board meeting, the other at a funeral. A kind of board meeting, that is to say. It was a difficult period for folk with large estates, and Jorden had decided to sell off considerable portions of his land to a building company, himself a director by the terms of sale. The very woods where he had seen the little fellow on the stile, where he himself had gone birds'-nesting in his Sunday clothes, these woods were now to be cut down for building.

It was at the meeting when final details of the scheme were to be decided—Jorden sentimentally attempting to save the plot, the other directors staring at him blankly—it was in the middle of this blundering attempt, since he had no reasons to offer, that the boy suddenly came smiling at him from behind the Chairman's throne.

Jorden, John Henry Jorden, sprang up. The figure was not there. Jorden, John Henry Jorden, sat down. . . . He saved the woods, yielding in their place another piece of land at great personal loss instead.

At the funeral, again, the funeral of an unvalued relative, as he stood hatless in a bitter wind beside the grave, there—yes, unmistakably—the little figure emerged. On the outskirts of the dreary and perfunctory mourners, he saw it flit and shift, brighter than before, nearer too, nearer to his own being, that is, with laughter this time, not smiles, upon the face, and the hands stretched out towards himself. The welcome in the eyes, the gesture of invitation, of recognition, the whole attitude as though words "Soon we shall be together, shan't we?" were almost audible—this staggered Jorden as he stared. He turned his head a moment; the others must surely see what he saw too. When he glanced back again only the wearied mourners, shivering as they counted the shovels of falling earth, were visible.

Exposed overlong to the biting air, very old and feeble, his point of last resistance on this occasion was attacked and beaten down. . . . As he lay in the darkened room, winter gripping the world outside but powerless to grip his heart, he became sharply, suddenly, aware that spring, with its flowers, its sparkling radiance, slipped past the shuttered windows. The nurse was there, reading by

a shaded lamp across the room, but the doctor had gone. And Jorden knew quite well, knew the meaning of the deep stillness about him, knew why the doctor would not come back, knew also why lambent spring had thus abruptly routed winter. It entered leaping, with the perfume of fresh earth, the music of running streams, the singing of birds, the carelessness of happy youth.

He felt no shyness now; he was no longer inarticulate. He knew what words to use. He realised, yet without a shock, that he faced the final meeting he had dreaded, and, further, for the first time, that the boy had not grown older—and why this was so. Time behind him had telescoped, dwindled, vanished. Life had performed full circle *here*. Entering it at a point, from invisibility, he had now reached that point again—back into invisibility. The years collapsed, revealing amazingly their pretence, their sham duration. Their accumulated wisdom, their grave experience, their earnest effort, growth, development, their search and question—all these disappeared as though they never had been, while in their place surged up one fundamental bright desire in unadulterated power, invincible as spring; the desire to live, to play, to *be*. Unquenchable youth rose in his heart, defying the worn-out instrument that should, yet could not now, express it here.

The little fellow entered unannounced, yet the nurse did not even turn her head. The merry, laughing eyes, the torn best suit, the rumpled hair, the undying mischief and adventure, came up dancing close beside the dim-lit bed.

"You have come back at last," sang the careless, happy voice he recognised. "We shall be together always now." The senile body made a movement, so that the nurse glanced up quickly from her book a moment, then went on reading as before. "We have always been together . . . I never really lost you," came the faint answer as though a breath of air sighed through the room. He laughed, stretching out his feeble hands. The nurse, holding a mirror briefly to the smiling lips, drew up the sheet across the face, entered a pencil note upon the chart, then quietly resumed her reading. The gulf was bridged at last. Old age and recovered youth went off dancing to the stars. Life, at the point called death, had performed full circle.

Japan at the Cross-roads?

By Dūrbīn

ALL the countries of the East are slowly consolidating against the West. Amongst competent observers of this portentous phenomenon there may be differences of opinion as to this movement, its actual course, and its ultimate effect on the world, but all agree that it exists.* The one exception has been Japan, the sole Eastern nation which, by learning from the West, has been able to keep her independence entirely free from the encroachments of Western policy or Western troops, and to meet the West on equal—sometimes on victorious—terms in peace and war, on land and on the high seas. Japan, therefore, up to now has stood with a foot in either camp, preserving the balance of power between East and West, and, to some extent, by the force of opposing interests, neutral to both. Ever since, for instance, her defeat of Russia she has been regarded by Asia as the champion of the East against the West. If we imagine Europe—with the exception of Great Britain—under an Oriental suzerainty, of however benevolent a nature, and if we imagine ourselves (an island Power with some characteristics not unlike Japan) inflicting a defeat on a great Oriental State, we can perhaps conceive the sort of sentiment with which Continental nations would regard us. Some of them might still be hostile to us for various reasons, just as China is hostile to Japan; but still throughout Europe there would be a general feeling that we had restored the *amour propre* of the West by showing that the European *could* defeat the Asiatic. This is the kind of feeling towards Japan which exists in Asia to-day. It is a vague, impalpable sentiment, though a real one, and

*See, for instance, *The Rising Tide of Colour*, by Lothrop Stoddard; *The Clash of Colour*, by Basil Matthews; *The Occident and the Orient*, by Sir Valentine Chirol; etc., etc. Also *Ascending Islam*, in the March number of this REVIEW.

doubtless one of the reasons that it is not more dynamic has been the fact that Japan has shown no particular signs of encouraging it. And why? Because she has had certain commitments in the shape of treaties, interests and sentiment binding her to the West.

Three events, however, in the last few years have appreciably loosened these ties. In 1921 at the Washington Conference Great Britain abrogated the Anglo-Japanese Alliance of 1911; in 1924 America substituted for the "Gentlemen's Agreement" of 1907 (by which the restriction of Japanese immigration into the United States was left to the control of the *Japanese* Government) the hard and fast regulations of the United States Immigration Act, in particular a clause which the Japanese Government regarded as discriminating against her nationals; and in the same year the British Government decided on the Singapore Base. Let it be clearly understood that in each case the abrogating party acted strictly within its rights. Though the annulment of the "Gentlemen's Agreement" caused intense feeling in Japan, and though President Coolidge himself publicly stated that the Act as regards Japan was "unnecessary and deplorable" and that some other way could have been found to attain the desired ends without wounding Japanese susceptibilities,* nevertheless Congress were within their prerogative in insisting that the Act should become law. The British Government was equally within its rights in abrogating the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, and in its decision as to the Singapore Base. Singapore was expressly left out of the Washington Agreement, and the reasons for this omission must have been perfectly obvious to the Japanese Government.

With regard to the feelings of Japan on the matter of the Base it is difficult to form an opinion. We are told that the Japanese Government has made no protests on the matter. This in itself does not mean much. The Japanese are a shrewd and reticent people, and since the Singapore decision came as no surprise to them, and is, moreover, strictly within our international rights, it is extremely unlikely that any such "protests" would have

* See Statement issued to the Press by Mr. Coolidge—"An Analysis of the American Immigration Act of 1924," Appendix D (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace).

been made. They certainly do not regard it as they do the abrogation of the "Gentlemen's Agreement," an affront to their national honour. Possibly they look on it as an act of policy which they themselves under similar circumstances would have been compelled to make, and which, because inevitable, must all the more, therefore, be reckoned with. This view is supported by a telegram to *The Times* from a correspondent in Japan dated December 22nd, and quoted in the course of the Singapore Debate of March 23rd:—

> The Japanese official attitude towards Singapore is expressed in a Japanese word meaning "it cannot be helped." The national attitude is distrustful, partly hostile, in spite of the official explanation that the Washington Agreement is not to be contravened.

Let us try to do that very difficult thing and put ourselves in the place of a foreign nation. Let us revert to the simile of a Europe under the domination of the East, with ourselves, by the assimilation of Oriental civilisation, standing midway between the two. Let us suppose that, by proving ourselves equal to the East in peace and war, we had obtained treaties with two of the foremost Oriental Powers, and that in the course of a great struggle waged between them and other Oriental Powers we had been their allies. Let us imagine that within six years of the victorious conclusion of that struggle these two Powers had abrogated their treaties with us, and that one of them had undertaken certain strategical measures to which we could not be indifferent. Whatever justification our quondam allies might have for taking these steps, what would be our general sentiments on the matter? Would not we feel that the East had shut the door in our faces, and that as a Western nation our future alliances and destiny lay with the West? Is it therefore unreasonable to suppose that Japan, in the actual circumstances of the case, feels a similar impulse towards the East?

And if she does, what then? Any idea of Japan immediately and dramatically heading an Asiatic Military League against the West may be set aside at once. The Yellow Peril of a Chinese army millions strong, led by Japanese officers, invading Europe is a chimera. No, it will not mean this, but it may mean that Japan will definitely place herself in the Eastern camp, that she will

begin to use the pro-Japanese feeling throughout Asia—already alluded to—as an instrument of policy, and that in the many acute differences which separate the East and the West her great influence will no longer be neutral, but will deliberately be thrown in on the Oriental side. The mere fact of Japan taking up such an attitude would give a decided stimulus to Pan-Asiatic feeling all over the East.

What of Japan and the Bolshevists? The latter, having failed in Europe, are turning their attention to Asia with redoubled vigour, and if Japan aims at playing a leading *rôle* in that continent she must come to some sort of terms with the Soviet. Last December the British Government made their Singapore decision, and a month later the Russo-Japanese Treaty was signed. There has been a tendency to treat this *démarche* on *post hoc propter hoc* lines, and to assume that Japan has definitely joined hands with the Bolshevists. Mr. F. Britten Austin, for instance, emphasises this belief in a long and outspoken article in the April number of *The Empire Review*,* in which he declares that Japan, envisaging an inevitable struggle with the United States and the British Empire, in order to obtain a hegemony over China, from whose resources she can in a large measure draw the sinews of war, has irrevocably thrown in her lot with the Soviet. Lack of space prevents more than mention of this important contribution to the study of the Pacific problem, but it may be remarked that the text of the above Treaty, not available when Mr. Austin's article was written, has since been published in *The Soviet Review* for March 14th. An examination of this document proves the correctness of the version given to the Press summarised by Mr. Austin, and *primâ facie* it appears innocuous enough. It provides for the resumption of regular diplomatic and commercial relations between the two countries; for the granting of certain concessions to Japanese subjects in Soviet Russia; for the giving to Japan a fifty per cent. concession over coal and oil deposits in Northern Sakhalin; for the settlement at a future date of the question of mutual debts; and for the mutual cessation of hostile propaganda. But Mr. Austin is of opinion that the Treaty contains secret clauses of

* "Japan and the Soviet Join Hands."

great moment and with far-reaching consequences. This still remains to be proved, and meantime there are certain general considerations which militate against any real union between Japan and Russia. Briefly these considerations may be epitomised as follows:—*It is impossible for any country to have a working agreement with the Bolshevists unless it is Bolshevist itself.* All Western nations in their relations with the Soviet have sooner or later come up against this insuperable difficulty. Forced by the hard logic of commercial and financial circumstances, the Soviet *vis à vis* Europe have jettisoned some of their Communist doctrines, but *vis à vis* the East their policy is as "red" as ever. Now no existing form of government is more antipathetic to Communism than the aristocratic and bureaucratic one of Japan, and no country more "Imperialistic" in Soviet eyes. Any agreement between two such dissimilar Governments will be very difficult to keep in being as a working partnership. The Japanese are, moreover, already apprehensive of certain Communistic elements amongst their own rapidly increasing proletariat, encouraged—as elsewhere throughout the world—by Bolshevist intrigues. It is true that by the Treaty the Soviet "solemnly" promise to abstain from all anti-Japanese propaganda and intrigue, but there is no reason to suppose that they will keep to their agreements with Japan any more than they have with Great Britain. "He who sups with the Devil must have a long spoon," and the Japanese, having given the Bolshevist the *entrée* into their house, will find him a troublesome guest.

"Japan at the Cross Roads?" Hitherto Japan has been able to pursue a path midway between those of East and West. Is she now reaching a crisis where she will be compelled to make the choice of following one of the two increasingly divergent roads on either side of her, and will circumstances force her towards that trod by the East? That is one of the most momentous questions of the day. The writer, while indicating certain factors bearing on the problem, has deliberately refrained from trying to give a categorical reply, for the reason that no such reply is possible at this juncture. But the historian of the future may yet look back and lay his finger on the present year as one which marked the genesis of a fateful trend in world

politics. For events in the Far East are moving fast. Two incidents in particular are of peculiar importance. In *The Times* of March 28th the following communication was published from a correspondent:—"The Bill passed by the Japanese Lower House on March 23rd granting the right of holding land in Japan to resident aliens, and alien registered bodies, except to nationals of those countries which do not grant similar rights to Japan, has far-reaching international significance." The correspondent goes on to point out that, while this Bill removes local causes of friction between the Japanese and foreign residents, it raises much graver issues elsewhere. The chief argument for the law enacted at Washington to deprive Japanese of the right of owning land in the United States automatically falls to the ground. He concludes: "To people conversant with Far Eastern and American affairs it seems that this new decree is a direct challenge to the one passed at Washington." On March 25th the New York correspondent of *The Times* telegraphed that the Japanese Ambassador, speaking in New York at a banquet given in his honour by the Japan Society, stated that he intended, when a favourable opportunity offered, to reopen the question of the exclusion of Japanese from America.

There is no need to underline the significance of these two incidents. Nor is it possible to foretell what the result of this gesture of the Japanese Government will be. We can only hope that, with the good-will amongst moderate men in both countries to which the Japanese Ambassador alluded in his speech, it will be taken not as a "challenge" but as a reasonable request from a gallant and sensitive people for the redress of a grievance which they regard as an affront to their national dignity. We may trust that the United States, under the guidance of their President, sympathetic as he is with Japanese feelings on the question, will be generous enough to meet this request half-way, and that some compromise equally honourable to both sides will be arrived at. The importance of such an auspicious turn of affairs cannot be exaggerated, for the relations between America and Japan in the next few years, perhaps in the next few months, will have an ultimate and material effect not only on the British Empire but throughout the world.

The Menace of Communism

By the Right Hon. Wilfrid Ashley, M.P.,
Minister for Transport

WHAT is Communism? Communism is merely Socialism with the gloves off. Its ultimate object is the same. That is, the destruction of the present economic system known as Capitalism and the substitution in its place of a system of Communism or common ownership of all forms of industry and property. Communism differs from Socialism only in the methods by which their common aims are to be attained. Socialists believe that they can destroy Capitalism and substitute national ownership by the gradual conversion of the electors to their point of view. They believe that any violent change produced by force and against the will of the majority is bound to fail. The Communist differs totally from this belief. He holds that Capitalism can be destroyed only by the use of armed force, and he points to the Russian Revolution as an example of what can be achieved by these methods.

The whole theory and practice of Communism is embodied in the statutes of the Third or Communist International which was held in Moscow in August, 1920.

The Communist International is an organisation separate from, but really dependent upon, the present Soviet Government of the Russian Republics. It is important to make the position clear, as the Soviet Government defends itself from charges of having broken treaties in which they agreed not to pursue propaganda in other countries by protesting that they have no control over the activities of the Communist International, which, in fact, does conduct, inspire, and subsidise all foreign propaganda.

Though officially independent of the Soviet Government, the Communist International is, nevertheless, closely connected with it, and Lenin and Trotsky,

Zinovieff and other Bolshevik leaders, were on its first executive which drew up its constitution. It may, therefore, be taken as expressing the policy of the Soviet Government, and cannot merely be regarded as a separate and independent political body. In its constitution laid down at Moscow it is stated the aim of the Communist International "is to organise an armed struggle for the overthrow of the International Bourgeoisie and the establishment of an International Republic as a transition to the complete abolition of the capitalist state."

The conditions of admission prescribed that all parties desiring to join the Third International must renounce social patriotism and social pacifism, meaning that, while the Communists of one country were not allowed to make war against a foreign country, they were urged to make war against their own compatriots and fellow-countrymen who did not happen to agree with their views. They were to carry on systematic and persistent work in the trade unions, co-operative societies, and other class organisations of the workers, and to form Communist groups within these organisations. They were to subordinate those members of their party who became Members of Parliament to the direct control of the party executive.

Such were the main principles laid down in the original constitution of the International, but these have been amplified and extended by successive manifestoes which reveal a widespread and systematic plan, the vast expenditure of money, and the colossal energy devoted to the accomplishment of their designs.

Some may think that the Communist danger is exaggerated, since they are comparatively small in numbers and little known. Such a view is, in my opinion, a grave mistake. A quarter of a century ago we held much the same belief about Socialism. The trade unions were until then essentially industrial organisations for the protection of their members. They regulated wages and labour conditions, they looked after the widows and orphans, and after their members when they were ill or unemployed. They did not meddle in politics, and had no political aims or ambitions. The Socialists, who at that time were still confined to the intellectual classes,

were functioning chiefly through the Fabian Society and other organisations which were even weaker than the Communist Party of to-day. They saw, however, that their only hope of obtaining political power was through the trade unions of the country. They accordingly began carefully to plan a system of propaganda among the trade unions, and we see the fruits of their efforts to-day. They have succeeded in capturing for all practical purposes the whole of the trade union movement. They direct its policy and dominate its councils. They control its funds and use them for Socialistic propaganda and for the development of their political power. The Communists in their turn are following their example, and they have already obtained a larger success than is generally realised in permeating the trade unions with their principles and in securing for their representatives key positions in many of the most important trade unions. For example, Mr. A. J. Cook, Secretary of the Miners' Federation, one of the most powerful unions in the country, is a declared Communist. Mr. Purcell, who was Chairman of the Trade Union Congress at Hull last autumn, has frequently professed his admiration for the Russian Revolution, as has also Mr. Ben Tillett and Mr. Fred Bramley, who was Secretary to the Trade Union Delegation recently returned from Russia. Only the other day Mr. Tom Mann, whose enthusiasm for Communism is well known, was elected head of the Consultative Committee of the Trades Councils Conference, which is now actively engaged in promoting unity between British and Russian trade unions.

I could quote many utterances from the speeches and writings of these and other leaders of trade unions to prove that they are in active sympathy with the Russian Revolution, and would like to see a similar upheaval in this country, but the facts are too notorious to require much demonstration.

A few sentences from a very striking article by Mr. Philip Snowden in one of the Sunday newspapers amply confirm my view that Communists are acquiring executive positions in the trade unions in order to convert these bodies into revolutionary agencies.

The present wages movement in the mining and engineering industries and in the railway and other transport services is being exploited by the Communists for revolutionary purposes. A determined effort is being made to induce all these bodies to join together in a general strike which will hold up the community. The revolutionary aim is being kept in the background and the workers are being appealed to on behalf of the solidarity of labour.

Mr. Snowden here reveals that the real object of the agitation now being conducted in some of the great trade unions is not a movement for wages but for direct revolutionary action.

During the existence of the late Labour Government we had two striking examples of the power of the Communist section of the Labour Party. That party professes to be opposed to Communism and will not allow the Communist Party to be affiliated to it. They profess not to permit Communists to stand as official Labour candidates, but at the 1923 Election nine members of the Communist Party stood as Labour candidates, seven of them as official Labour candidates. The Communists have no uneasy qualms of conscience in disguising their real character and of standing as ordinary Labour candidates, but all the time they are working for the furtherance of their cause and advancing their principles and prospects.

Shortly after the formation of the Labour Government a committee of Labour members was formed for the purpose of seeing that the Government toed the line, particularly in its dealings with Russia. On this committee were several members with notorious Communist sympathies. On two occasions they intervened and succeeded in bringing about a complete change of policy of the Government. The first was on the question of the Russian Treaty, which Mr. MacDonald was compelled to resume after negotiations had, in fact, been broken off. The second was the prosecution of the *Workers' Weekly*, which the Government were again compelled to abandon after it had been undertaken. The significant feature of these incidents was that they were concerned directly with Russian interests, and there is little doubt that the action of those who brought pressure to bear on Mr. MacDonald was inspired and directed from Moscow.

I have already described how the Communists are gradually acquiring positions of importance in the trade

union movement. The results have now become manifest. We are threatened in the coming summer with a great industrial upheaval. It is timed for the summer because at the end of June the agreement, which was only concluded last year between the miners and mineowners, comes to an end. Mr. Cook, Secretary of the Miners' Federation, who, as I have already stated, is an avowed Communist, is preparing to call out his members at the end of June if the mineowners do not agree to very large advances of wages which he is demanding. Mr. Cook, however, is aware that a strike of miners alone at a time when the industry is in a state of severe depression could not possibly succeed, and that it would only have the result of making conditions serious and of bringing his own organisation to bankruptcy. He is therefore moving heaven and earth to get other trade unions, who are putting forward demands for increased wages, to take common action with the miners. These include the railway workers, the metal workers, the engineers and shipbuilders. Mr. Cook believes that if all these great unions were to go on strike at the same time they could force the employers to agree to all their demands. That is, however, not the only object Mr. Cook has in mind. As a Communist he believes in strikes as one of the most effective means of bringing about the revolution, and it is while we are suffering from one of these internal commotions that the Communists see their only chance of destroying our present economic and political system.

This explains their extraordinary activity in getting themselves elected, as I have said, to key positions in the great unions. This is a declared part of their policy. They have openly stated that their aim is to capture the trade union movement and to convert it into a revolutionary agency. They have already attained a considerable measure of success, and their future progress will depend upon how far the workers themselves are inclined to let them seize and make use of the machinery they have created with many years of sacrifice for the purposes of their own improvement and betterment.

It is not possible in the space at my disposal to enter into a detailed description of the enormous and far-reaching manifestations of Communist activities. The

leaders of the movement in Moscow know very well that their reign in Russia will be short unless they can produce similar revolutions in other countries. Their agents are, therefore, to be found in every country of importance throughout the world, sowing the seeds of discontent and dissension and inspiring ideas of revolt against all those institutions which are reverenced by civilised peoples. Their poisonous doctrines are being inculcated into the minds of young children by means of surreptitious Sunday schools and by publications whose main characteristic is their coarse indecency. This country of ours has the honour of being regarded as the most formidable obstacle to the realisation of their ambitions. Great Britain and the British Empire they regard as their most dangerous enemy. I hope we shall long continue to be held in that high regard, but we must look for correspondingly determined efforts to accomplish our ruin. It is in this country that their agents are most active. Their periodical publications are increasing in number, which is a sign that the subsidies from Russia are still flowing freely. But while they concentrate their main attack on the heart of the Empire they are not neglecting its circumference. Their agents are actively at work not only in the self-governing Dominions, but in our Dependencies and Protectorates. In Egypt, India, even among the tribes of Central Africa, they are at work inspiring hatred and contempt for the white man and all his works.

On March 4th, in the House of Commons, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs complained of a manifesto issued by the Communist International presided over by M. Zinovieff, in which the British Air Forces were accused of seeking victims for British bombs. Mr. Chamberlain added: "The Soviet Government must be aware that, so long as it maintained its connection with the Communist International and aided and abetted this kind of hostile and untruthful propaganda, there could be no improvement in its relations with our Government."

I do not expect for a moment that this remonstrance will have any effect in Moscow, but we have to realise that we are dealing with people who have a fanatical obsession and will let nothing hinder or impede them in their efforts to convert the rest of the world to their particular belief.

No notions of honour stand in their way. Treaties are made only to fool the poor victims of capitalism and are broken at will. The utmost vigilance and the most sustained effort will be required to meet and defeat this menace. It is safer to over-estimate than to under-estimate the danger. As a people we suffer too much from a tendency to let matters drift, and not to take steps to meet a danger until it is upon us. But there are many signs that the cause for alarm is not exaggerated. Only the other day, in the House of Commons, Mr. Wheatley, an important member of the late Labour Government, said when speaking of the conditions of the workers :—

> I tell you that if I were enduring those conditions or if I felt to-morrow that by exercising a little violence I could emancipate the millions of my fellow-countrymen from perpetual poverty, I should feel, in taking that course, that I was more justified than you were justified in the course you took in 1914.

When a Privy Councillor and ex-Cabinet Minister makes such a statement in Parliament, is there not a serious and present danger?

I am not an alarmist or a panicmonger, but as I see on every side the growing manifestations of Communist activity and influence, I think it my duty to warn my fellow-countrymen not to regard too lightly this menace of Communism, but to recognise it as a grave peril which it will need our utmost efforts to overcome.

The Magic of Auxerre

By Arthur Symons

THE reason that induced me to go to Auxerre direct from Paris on July 4th was that Walter Pater had visited it, and that the result of his visit was the creation of *Denys l'Auxerrois*, the most wonderful of his *Imaginary Portraits*, for it is for once, not the study of a soul, but of a myth; a transposition (in which one hardly knows whether to admire most the learning, the ingenuity, or the subtle imagination) of that strangest myth of the Greeks, the "Pagan after-thought" of Dionysus Zagreus, into the conditions of mediæval life. Here is prose so coloured, so modulated, as to have captured, along with almost every sort of poetic richness, and in a rhythm which is essentially the rhythm of prose, even the suggestiveness of poetry, that most volatile and unseizable property, of which prose has rarely been able to possess itself.

I have always held that it is unwise to ask of any perfect thing duration as well as existence. Supreme happiness, if it could be continued indefinitely, would in time, without losing its essence, lose its supremacy, which exists only by contrast. When I have seen a face, an aspect of the sky, pass for a moment into a sort of crisis, in which it attained the perfect expression of itself, I have always turned away rapidly, closing my eyes on the picture, which I dread to see fade or blur before me. I would obtain from things, as from people, only their best.

So I have come gradually to find in Auxerre a surprising originality, a fascination which is not due to the rich and friendly soil, but to something which seems to me somewhat obscure just now in regard to the quality of its genius. When I was at Clermont-Ferrand the only trace I found of genius was in the mountainous soul of Pascal, who was born in that very town. The Auvergnats are Celts in whom all the subtle, unworldly qualities of the race have hardened and turned to stone. In Pascal it is what is Celtic that bursts through rock and stone like a volcanic fire. The fortifications and the ancient walls that

surround Auxerre are, from every point of view, by day or by night, marvellous. Most of the streets are tortuous, cobbled, and they seem always to turn this way and that way at odd angles; they turn into fantastic triangles, transversal, and I never knew in what direction they would lead me. I almost felt, in the omnibus that took me from the station to my hotel, twisting its way through those narrow, steep, abrupt streets, as if I were entering Arles, where, as a matter of fact, I had come from Avignon, to satisfy myself whether the Arlessiennes were as beautiful as they are supposed to be. Turning twenty times on that perilous journey, I only saw glimpses of these women, and they verified my dreams. All the beauty of that brooding over a great past has gone visibly to make up its one present greatness, the beauty of its women. They have the gravity, the unhasting passage through the world, of those who are conscious of a tradition. And they have something more than a casual or merely personal beauty; their beauty becomes collective, becomes one expression of Arles. In Auxerre the beauty of the girls is never traditional. And yet some of those I saw pass as I sat in the *café* in the rue du Temple had, in their beauty, something sullen and tragic; some who had dead black hair and huge dark sombre eyes reminded me of the Spanish women I saw in Seville: all nerves and refined beauty, together with something exotic, something almost bewildering, in their aspect. These and others have the magnetism of vivid animal life, with a sharp appeal to the senses, as of a beauty too full of the sap of life to be merely passive.

One night the lowest classes of Auxerre assembled at the Fair. It was certainly an amazing night aspect, like some strange picture painted by an Impressionist. It had been a day of intense heat, and the heat still lingered. I thought of *Le Linge* of Manet. There never was such an homage to light, to light as the principle of life, as in this picture, where the vivifying rays of the impartial sunlight can soak with equal thirst into the ugliness of the child and into the loveliness of the linen. And you may hate the picture as you may hate a day of overpowering heat, yet be no more able to get away from it than you could withdraw from the ardour of nature. The faces of most of the people I saw were almost indistinguishable, all the emotion being conveyed in their rare gestures, in the colour of their

dresses, and in the moment's pattern they made on the shifting shadows. I mingled with that crowd; I seized hold on what was evidently the intense animation and vitality of these townsfolk.

The greatest cathedrals have an aspect of eternity. The cathedral church of Our Lady of Amiens is like a precious casket adorned for some priceless jewel. The vast, embattled magnificence of the cathedral in Seville seems to change in every aspect, full of multiform life, ordered to a wonderfully expressive variety; above all, it has infinitely varied movement: yes, as it seems to lean slightly from the perpendicular, all this vivid mass might be actually about to move, to sail away like a great ship, with all its masts and spread sails and ordered rigging. The Cathedral Sainte Etienne at Auxerre, begun in 1215, is one of the most beautiful Gothic churches in France. But what attracted me most vividly were the crypts in L'Eglise Sainte-Germain, apart from the wonderful beauty of the tower of Saint Jean, which was constructed between 1130 and 1150. The crypts date from 859. The crypt is the work of gnomes, or of the giants of the under-earth, and it reminds me, in its huge, subterranean beauty, of the buried cistern of Yeri-Batan-Serai at Constantinople. In Auxerre I felt almost as I had felt in Contantinople; to go down into it is like going down into an immeasurable grave into which all the glory of Byzantium had gone down, living on there in a ghastly hiding away from life with the persistence of indestructible things. The depths I entered were indestructible. Not so were the little lamps with a wick and matches and three keys the *concierge* had given us. I unlocked the first door which let us into the naked interior of the deserted church. The friend who was with me unlocked the next door; having lighted the lamp, which flickered dimly, he went ahead; I followed him. The lamp illuminated only in patches the pitch darkness into which we had entered. We went deeper and deeper, through narrow stone passages and down stone steps, round and round in an intricate circle which hemmed us in, snake-like. The stone roofs were just over our heads. These ominous blocks of unhewn stone filled me with an unholy terror. In what might have been an immense side-chapel we saw distinct traces of wonderfully ancient frescoes, half

obliterated. I could barely distinguish the designs and the faded colours. Some seemed to depict Attila, the Saracens, saints, beasts, dragons, which were not unlike some of the mosaics in the seventh-century basilica of Santa Maria in Torcello. There were hell and heaven, rows on rows of haloed saints in glory, strange demons, men and gods, all, row upon row, in the dead gold with carpets of green grass and coloured leaves; naked figures among flowers, cherubim with wings crossed beneath their chins.

As I advanced in these passages I had a sensation of spirals, of infinite spirals, which were the equivalents of nightmares, up which I had to climb, and of ladders whose rungs dropped away from me as my feet left them, and of slimy stone staircases into cold pits of darkness. Yes, I had found myself in cold pits of darkness where I felt the tightening of a snake's coils around me. Suddenly Beckford's *Vathek* and his Hall of Eblis flashed before me: the figure of Solomon on his tomb, showing his heart enveloped in flame, the innumerable multitudes whirled round in eternal motion, each hand pointing to the heart on fire; all these, wandering like erratic stars beneath a vault vast as that of the empyrean, arching over a limitless desert of desolated hopes, the sojourn of unblest feet, of livid faces, of guilt never to be expiated, of measureless agony, of cureless remorse, in the fellowship of unbounded hate: what an impression that leaves on one's senses! Finally, we were out of *The Heart of Darkness*.

We had chosen a perfect day, there was a purity in the air, the wind had wafted away some of the excessive heat of the morning; like conspirators, we had used our keys with great dexterity. At the same time there had been something enigmatical in the sheerly physical horror of that darkness we were immured in, together with, on my part, an instinctive shiver of fascinated and terrified suspense.

Yes, I had been in the grip of horrible fear, of a fear whose death-cold hand robs its victim of all wish to move or to resist or to escape, which destroys despair and hope alike, and holds the useless and empty carcase as if in a vice under the coming stroke. It was not the fear of death—it was the fear of a man's shadow.

The League of Nations

A Psychological Criticism

By Oliver E. Bodington

THE main aspiration of the League of Nations is ethical rather than political, as its publications abundantly prove. The League has a peculiar attraction for the clergy of all denominations, which flock to its meetings; recently an Anglican bishop discoursed on what he described as the "spiritual" aspect of the League; and many of its more ardent adherents, clerical and others, speak of it almost with bated breath, as though it were—what it undoubtedly is for many of them—a semi-religious dogma. These statements are not made by way of disparagement of this view; they are only intended to indicate how preponderating is the League's ethical aspect and what a large consensus of opinion there is behind its ethical façade. No one will, indeed, dispute that the League is essentially a scheme of universal benevolence, whose object—to use League phraseology—is to "liberate mankind from the curse of war," to promote a *régime* of "no more war"; in other words, a *régime* of perpetual peace.

Now, no one should desire to palliate the horrors of war. Those of the recent war are unparalleled except by the horrors of a Bolshevist peace, about which we are now learning something, and from which Heaven preserve us! Nevertheless, this crusade involves the tacit assumption that perpetual peace is an unmitigated blessing for humanity. Biologically that is at least an arguable proposition. Not for nothing did Shakespeare put into the mouth of Falstaff, describing his ragged army, the allusion to the "cankers of a calm world and a long peace." Those cankers are very real, and history teems with instances showing that too prolonged ease, prosperity and immunity from danger are sure factors of biological decay. Danger and exposure to attack, on the contrary, produce vigour

and alertness. The amazing vitality of France is derived mainly from her constant exposure to attack. If, for example, humanity could look forward, beyond peradventure, to a hundred years of certain peace, it is equally certain that, from a biological point of view, the human race would at once begin to deteriorate. And it is difficult to believe that what is biologically bad for the human race can be ethically sound. This, however, is a speculation which is quite beyond the scope of the present inquiry, and is only alluded to in order to emphasise the fact that the League's advocacy of universal peace involves an assumption the truth of which Leaguers have never apparently taken the trouble to investigate.

However this may be, the stimulus of this scheme of universal benevolence which the League has set out to accomplish is derived solely from what is called, in terms of scientific psychology, the domain of universal ethics as contra-distinguished from national ethics. A complete scientific explanation of the difference between these two ethical schemes is found in Prof. McDougall's recent book, *Ethics and Some World Problems.*

Why must this antithesis be drawn between universal and national ethics? The answer to this question can best be given by a few illustrations.

According to the Hindoo practice of *Suttee*, every Hindoo married woman, when she became a widow, was obliged to commit suicide by burning on a funeral pyre. This was a solemn religious observance revered in the Hindoo ethical system as symbolic of the indissolubility of the marriage bond, even beyond the tomb. But it was repugnant to the more universal views of morality held by the British conquerors of India; and as they were powerful enough to press home their own views, they successfully insisted on its abolition. In this instance, therefore, the universal view was made to prevail.

The practice of *Harakiri* is still highly honoured in the national system of Japan. It is equally repugnant to our Western notions of universal morality. But if we made the attempt to repress it by force we should undoubtedly come into unpleasant collision with the Japanese Army and Navy. Therefore, in this instance the national ethical view is allowed to prevail.

Statesmen constantly find themselves torn between these two systems; under no circumstances more acutely than in respect of the enactment of alien exclusion laws, and particularly the exclusion of the yellow race in the United States and in various parts of the British Empire. As regards the yellow race, the problem has assumed in the past just as acute an aspect within the British Empire as it has in the United States. The principal provinces of Australia before the formation of the Commonwealth passed the most rigid Chinese exclusion Acts; and when the Home Government pointed out that these exclusion Acts were actually in violation of our Treaty with China the spokesmen of those provinces, and particularly Sir Henry Parkes of New South Wales, answered bluntly that in that case the Treaty would have to give way before the superior interests of the Colony. Here was a conflict between universal and national ethics in its most acute form, aggravated, indeed, by the fact that while our fellow countrymen in Australia were excluding Chinese from their territory our Treaty called for the widest privileges of travel for British subjects throughout China. Universal ethics dictated that the Chinese should be treated on a footing of equality and admitted to enjoy the advantages of what we are pleased to believe is our superior civilisation within the British Empire. The national ethics of provinces such as Queensland (where it is on record that a Chinese merchant who was actually a British subject was once excluded), and New South Wales in particular, dictated the contrary. Their main argument was that the importation of Chinese cheap labour would lower the general standard of living and deprive the Australian workman of the high wages and some of the ease and comfort to which he was accustomed, and that argument is an unanswerable one. At all events, the Home Government found it so, and, being in the dilemma of shutting its eyes to the Treaty or enforcing its observance on a recalcitrant colony, *i.e.*, disrupting the Empire, it promptly chose the former alternative and the Treaty became . . . But no! It is, of course, only in Germany that treaties ever become waste paper!

The same dilemma confronts the American statesman in imposing the "quota" of immigrants. He knows per-

fectly well that the spirit of the American Constitution wills that as large a number of immigrants as possible should enjoy its privileges and the prosperity of its great country, but from the national point of view he also knows that the first consequences of an indiscriminate invasion of pauper immigrants would be a rapid deterioration of the standard of living and a diminution of those very comforts and of that very prosperity which it was the original design of the American Constitution to invite all the peoples of the world to come and enjoy.

Slave-owning, up to the outbreak of the American Civil War, had become so ingrained a portion of the national ethics of the Southern States that it was commonly extolled, even from the pulpit, as an institution of quasi-divine origin. A long, bloody, fratricidal war was necessary to secure the supremacy of the universal view of the immorality of slavery. Even the Civil War did not dispose of the ethical conflict in the sense defined. For the philanthropic rhetoric which exhorted us to treat the negro as a "man and a brother" quickly melted away in the fire of hard political exigencies. Negro equality would equally in practice inevitably lower the standard of living, materially and morally. Only in theory, therefore, does the negro to-day enjoy equal political rights; while socially, even in the Northern States, he is treated by his white fellow citizens as a species of pariah, a treatment, indeed, which the profound difference of racial characteristics imposes. The attitude of Anglo-Indians towards the native races in India is not far dissimilar. The precepts of universal morality are, therefore, almost invariably inapplicable to the everyday practical political needs of the community. They are from this standpoint transcendental, and their general application would produce political disintegration. Thus the statesman, however much he may admire and desire to apply more universal ethical principles, is most often obliged to rule them out on grounds dictated by the necessity of preserving intact the national organism; grounds which are equally worthy from an ethical standpoint.

It must always be borne in mind that, despite the war and all the centrifugal tendencies it has set going, the principle of nationalism is still the greatest driving force

in the modern world, and its ethical groundwork is entitled to the greatest respect and consideration.

The Churches too often tend to assume that the universal ethics which are the groundwork of their teaching are paramount to all others. It is, however, presumptuous to assume that they are necessarily higher in the ethical scale than the dictates of sound and high-minded patriotism.

From these few instances of the perennial conflict between the universal and national standards of ethics there can be inferred the two methods by which alone one or other of them can be made, according to circumstances, to prevail, viz.: (1) Force, (2) Propaganda.

Now, one of the most powerful organisations ever known in the world's history has resorted successively to both of these methods with a view to securing world supremacy for its theory of universal ethics without due regard to nationality: the Roman Catholic Church.

It is hardly needful to say that any criticisms here made on Roman Catholicism, or any other creed whatsoever, deal solely with their political and psychological aspects, and in nowise with their religious tenets.

Whether we accept the doctrines of the Roman Church or not, at least the power and skill of its ethical propaganda must be the subject of universal admiration. Probably the most signal test, indeed, of the excellence of this propaganda is the unreserved praise which Lord Macaulay, himself a Protestant and a Whig, awards it in his famous essay on Ranke's *History of the Popes*.

Now, as the League of Nations is engaged on propaganda of an exactly similar kind, *i.e.*, the attempt to gain world-recognition for an ethical thesis, it is worth while to investigate somewhat the methods which the Roman Catholic Church has adopted in a like attempt. In ancient days, when the Roman Church had political power and armed force behind her, she employed force ruthlessly, as we know from the history of the wars of religion. These wars were, indeed, not so much conflicts between one religious dogma and another, as typical examples of that conflict to which particular attention is here called, between an attempt to force acceptance of a system of universal ethics on the communities attacked, and

the natural antagonism of those communities towards any such invasion of their national political ideals. The attempt, if it were to succeed, must have involved a fatal breach in the political structure of those communities. They, indeed, must have felt substantially what Daniel O'Connell, himself a good Catholic, so pungently expressed in a later age: "We will take our religion from Rome, but we had rather take our politics from the devil!"

Later, when the Roman Church was deprived of political power, she fell back, perforce, on the only other available resource, that of propaganda; and it is in this field that her success has been most marked. Take the Roman Catholic missionaries, for example. In the outlying regions of the globe they easily achieve greater success than those of any other denomination, except perhaps the Mohammedans, who have been phenomenally successful among the native races of Africa. The writer has himself in past years had occasion to observe the success of the Jesuit missionaries among the Indians of British Columbia. What is the gist of their method? They carefully refrain from obtruding doctrine and religious observances. They proceed with intelligent psychology, mixing with the natives, studying their human peculiarities, teaching them improved methods of cultivation, hut-building, boat-building, fishing and so forth; and so ingratiating themselves that when a crisis arises needing priestly intervention, the natives address themselves naturally and as a matter of course to the missionary, and the doctrine is absorbed almost unconsciously without any forcing; to use a homely illustration, much as a child swallows the pill concealed in a spoonful of jelly.

In more civilised communities they proceed in the same order, putting psychology before doctrine; employing sometimes methods of proselytism which do not invariably recommend themselves to outsiders as scrupulous, but which are almost always successful; so successful, indeed, as to arouse periodical alarm among denominations whose methods of proselytism are less skilful.

Now, has the Roman Catholic Church, aided by this highly organised propaganda, been successful in its attempt—since the time when armed force ceased to be

at its disposal—to superimpose its doctrine on the national organisms of the various countries in which it has operated? The question answers itself: obviously not. Although its religious influence has steadily expanded, all its attempts to obtain predominance for its ethical doctrine to the length of any overt or covert invasion of the political domain have ultimately failed, even nearest home, in Italy.

How, then, when this, the most powerful religious organisation ever known, next, perhaps, to Mohammedanism, with all the weight and prestige of the Vatican and centuries of accumulated experience behind it, has failed to secure universal acceptance of its ethical system, which, whatever else it is, is crystal-clear, can this puny League expect to achieve world-recognition of its nebulous and Utopian ideas of universal peace and brotherhood? The achievement is fundamentally impossible, according to all the teachings of history, by which the Vatican has to some extent profited, but which, to judge from some of their pronouncements, Leaguers affect to spurn, apparently holding the fallacious notion that, ethically speaking, the world started again from scratch on the morrow of the Armistice, and that history need no longer count as a guide.

The League begins at the wrong end by seeking to force ready-made doctrine upon a world distracted by more pressing national problems, before making an attempt to study the diverse psychology of the nations it hopes to bring together, or their capacity for digesting it. Indeed, the fundamental fallacy of its teaching is the tacit assumption that the interests, aspirations, and outlook on world-problems of all nations are identical, and that, for example, the handling of world-problems by a small South American republic will be as broad and as fair as that of a great European Power. This is obviously not the case. Indeed, it is as dangerous a fallacy as that with which our latter-day democracies started out and which is rapidly rotting them away, viz.: that representative government is merely a matter of counting heads, and that, for example, the vote of a tinker or a cobbler is as valuable as that of a big landowner or an industrial magnate.

Now the League admittedly contemplates the possibility of calling upon the nations who compose it, under circumstances not defined beforehand, to sacrifice their

national interests, even in matters which they may consider vital, in the presumed interest of universal peace. They are invited to be prepared to "abdicate," as President Wilson expressed it, "a small portion of their national sovereignty" under emergencies not specified beforehand.

The mention of President Wilson's name leads to a digression—but an important one—for the purpose of defining the constitutional position of the United States towards the League of Nations.

There is glib talk of the prospect of the United States joining the League of Nations, as though this were an easy matter. It is at present a constitutional impossibility. What is the position? The United States, it is true, has a Federal Constitution formed by a number of States which are still sovereign States, a notion familiar to lawyers but difficult for laymen to grasp. Leaguers say that as these sovereign States under the Constitution have already abdicated a portion of their sovereignty into the hands of the Federal Government it would be an easy matter for them to do the same thing—assuming the American people were willing—in favour of the League. It would not. The Constitution, it is true, has provided for this partial and clearly defined abdication in favour of a Federal body constituted within the United States, but it has made no such provision for any such delegation of its sovereignty in favour of any body constituted outside the United States, least of all in the nebulous way advocated by Woodrow Wilson. The thing is an impossibility. Therefore, even if Woodrow Wilson had obtained the approval of the Senate, this would not have improved matters. Assuming, indeed, that the American people were to-morrow unanimous in favour of joining the League, this feature of "partial abdication of sovereignty" would prevent them doing so without a fundamental alteration of the Constitution. And it is highly probable that any patriotic American, if he were told that the price of joining the League was a derogation from the Constitution of his country of a nature to place it in this particular at the mercy of any such foreign and heterogeneous organisation, would instantly throw over the League and stand by his Constitution.

Woodrow Wilson knew this. He had been told quite clearly of just this impossibility. This can be verified from

the most direct sources. Assuming, however, that this information is mistaken, he, at all events, was the official custodian of this knowledge, had access to it, and shut his eyes to it. His memory must therefore bear the stigma of having forced decisions upon the Versailles Congress knowing at the time, actually or constructively, that the Constitution contained no machinery whatsoever for the valid ratification of those decisions in respect of this "partial abdication of sovereignty" which he himself had laid down as of the essence of his scheme. Therefore let not Leaguers lay to their souls the flattering unction that the United States is going to join the League within any measurable distance of time. If there were no other reason it is a constitutional impossibility.

This tenet of partial abdication of sovereignty obviously contains the germ of national disintegration. We arrive, therefore, at this—a period when the principle of national sovereignty and national ideals everywhere are being attacked from without and within by more disruptive forces than ever before in history, and when, consequently, there never was greater necessity for its sturdy consolidation, is the period chosen by the League to thrust forward a further element of disintegration, and so, unconsciously at least, make itself the abettor of the principle of Bolshevism which is striving to permeate and undermine the enfeebled structure of our Western democracies.

Take, by way of illustration, what is now happening in the United States. There, despite the traditions of the English Common Law and Anglo-Saxon institutions generally, disintegrating influences are accumulating, chiefly owing to the large influx of non-Anglo-Saxon immigrants imperfectly able to understand or appreciate the value of these traditions. There are in America to-day millions of voters of foreign origin, most of whom are incapable of telling the difference between a Republican and a Democrat. So far has this process gone that a secret society, the Ku Klux Klan, originally formed in 1866 in the Southern States as a very necessary measure of protection against the excesses of the newly enfranchised negroes, has now been actively revived. This is no brief on behalf of the Ku Klux Klan, whose workings are imperfectly known on this side of the Atlantic, and whose methods, if newspaper reports are to be trusted, cannot be

defended. But what is certain is that it professes hostility towards those three forces most calculated to contribute to national disintegration; and to that extent, therefore, it tends towards the upholding of national ideals in a country where the national fabric has become somewhat fragile for the reasons stated. It attacks in the main Roman Catholics, negroes and Jews. The potentialities of Roman Catholicism for undermining national ideas have already been explained, although these potentialities may be by this time much attenuated in that country. The negroes, who acquired their present position in the political system of the United States chiefly through the mistaken application of a general principle of universal benevolence, are a growing political menace to the nation for which no American statesman has yet been able to find a solvent. The cosmopolitanism of the Jew has become a commonplace, and, from the standpoint of national politics, he takes deep root nowhere.

There are, therefore, to-day already too many sinister influences undermining the national fabric in a great many countries for it to be expedient to add a further element of disintegration. Before asking any nation to encroach upon its own sovereignty, therefore, an endeavour should rather be made to stop the rot and strengthen the national fibre all round; and from this standpoint the main proposals of the League stand condemned. Indeed, Italy and the United States seem for the present to be the only two nations who are making a conscious endeavour to achieve this very necessary end of consolidating their national organism.

The foregoing criticisms are obviously destructive merely. Some constructive suggestions towards realising the highest aspiration of the League, *i.e.*, the peaceful solution of world crises and the promotion of world peace, may now be called for with some justice.

The ideal solution is that advocated by Professor McDougall, namely, an attempt to synthesise the two discordant factors of universal and national ethics; an almost hopeless task, not because it is unscientific but because it is transcendental; his proposals, indeed, run counter to the whole trend of modern political and social evolution. When we are told that he contemplates, amongst other things, a restricted suffrage its hopelessness (for all imme-

diate purposes) is sufficiently demonstrated. But essentially it involves much more than that. A necessary preliminary is the reform of the individual and the reinculcation of those habits of self-denial and industry which were the pride of former generations; next of the family, involving some restraint on that indiscriminate breeding of unhealthy and diseased children which makes a high infantile death-rate sometimes seem almost a blessing in disguise; some form of intelligent birth control which will give us quality rather than quantity, and relieve the congestion of our hospitals and benevolent institutions. And, lastly, a drastic reform of our methods of government; the abandonment of systematic pandering to an ignorant and tyrannous proletariat and of mendacious electoral pledges; and a reversion to the Saxon tradition of government by the wise men, whose task was to lead and teach the people, and who, so far from enjoying the scandalous immunity of our present-day incompetents, paid dearly for any serious backsliding from that task. Then, and then only, when in all the countries of the world there has been built up a healthy nationalism, can some hope be entertained of passing from that to a sound and dignified internationalism which is the true basis of a genuine League of Peace.

A staggering programme truly, not achievable—if at all—within any measurable number of generations, and from which the most sanguine reformer would obviously shrink in despair.

Nevertheless we are all just as alive to the horrors and anguish of war as the most ardent Leaguer, and therefore just as desirous of elaborating some plan by which wars can be, not abolished altogether, which is a biological impossibility, but made far less frequent and their havoc be circumscribed.

We may therefore join in asking ourselves whether there is no intermediate course, some possible combination preventive of war less ambitious than the vague and far too comprehensive proposals of the League as it is to-day, and one which, taking the nations of the world as they are now, "with all their imperfections on their heads," will allow somewhat for their diverse interests, peculiarities and, indeed, jealousies. An ingenious plan is outlined in the article of "Augur" entitled "League and Empire" in *The Fortnightly Review* for July, 1924. The League,

from an Imperial point of view, comes in for severe and deserved criticism, but in conclusion it is pointed out that, although the interests and ideals of the various countries of the world are diverse in the extreme, there may be certain groups of nations whose interests are sufficiently alike to form "regional leagues." Instead, therefore, of one cumbrous bulwark against war of doubtful security it is suggested that there should be a series of bulwarks thrown up by successive stages; figuratively speaking, an elaborate system of trench protection with the League at Geneva rounding off the system supreme over the regional leagues.

It is doubtful whether such a plan of universal peace by instalments would leave us much better off. Unless the main idea of the League is a world idea at the start it seems worth little or nothing. Few will dispute the value of the idea, while all those who are convinced by the foregoing arguments will feel that the League in its present attempt to put that idea into practice has so far made a most unfortunate start which it will be difficult to retrieve.

In conclusion it is believed that even its most ardent adherents will admit that the domains of history and psychology contain, as has been shown, material for a severe indictment of the main thesis of the League. In endeavouring to meet this indictment Leaguers will be well advised to clear their minds of all vague and nebulous theories of universal benevolence and spiritual fraternity; subdue their emotions; overcome their natural craving for a quick way out of this present distracting labyrinth; suspend even their recollection of the horrors of the Great War; appeal to the lessons of history, the only sure guide; endeavour, like the Vatican, to "think in centuries," and, above all, beware of what has been well called "cowardly idealism," that idealism which shrinks from the solution of the practical obstacles it finds on its path because they require courage and clear, hard thinking to overcome. So, and so only, can they hope to transform the League, in the aspect in which it has been dealt with, from the dangerous and disintegrating force which it now undoubtedly is into the great constructive world-force which they hope it may become.

Youthful Ideals and the Conservative Party

By T. C. Stanley Little

(*A Young Conservative*)

The Conservative Party have won a victory perhaps without precedent in our parliamentary annals. Never before have they possessed such a majority. But we cannot over-emphasise the fact that the victory was chiefly a parliamentary one. The electoral field is divided between the Conservative Party on the one side, and the hostile forces of Liberalism and Socialism. The present is in our hands, the immediate future is ours, but the political fortune of our party, on the far more important horizons of the next two decades of this century, is uncertain. The issue rests in the hands of the youth of this country.

Never have the faculties of vision and political imagination been more required. England lies literally upon the cross-roads of her destiny. At a time when political dissension has reached its highest pitch of acrimony, hostility and suspicion, the greatest need is a consistent Government carrying out a policy of twenty years' duration. The political vacillations of the nineteenth century—during the dawn of democracy in this country—did not seriously impair its stability because the cleavages of party were largely unreal. But now it is essential for the democracy to be faithful to its allegiance over a space of twenty years or more; for an oscillation of power between a party advocating constructive Imperialism and one supporting Revolutionary Socialism is a danger which may at any moment overtake us. The Conservative Government has three supreme tasks: to weld the Empire together into one unit making for world peace, to bring the nation back to sane ideas about the value of work, and to destroy the growth of "class consciousness."

The electorate includes many young men who are soured with the disappointments of the Great War and the hardships of the Peace. We must prove to them that while the Socialist Party would ruin the Empire, destroy our reputation abroad and our greatness in the eyes of the Dominions, the Liberal Party, having accomplished all that Gladstone set out to do, would stagnate in office, hiding its sterility behind a curtain of futile talk.

We must be on fire with the zeal of social service. We must convince the semi-Socialistic national school teacher that we have the education of democracy at heart. The clerk, the tradesman, the workman, all must be educated to the full meaning of the Imperial idea. Conservatism must be positive, aggressive, not based merely on despair of Liberalism or fear of Socialism.

We must make the household words of our Imperial economy as common as the shibboleths of Marxian dogmatism. We must convince the electorate that the Empire is a unity: that by political and economic forces it can be materially advanced until it becomes the most powerful guardian of peace. We must convince all that Imperial Preference will not spell war and that Imperialism does not mean Chauvinism.

And just as we must never tire of striving after peace abroad, so must we use imagination in our internal affairs. A successful housing policy, even the solution of the unemployment question, would not suffice. There was a time, during the age of Burke, when the British Constitution was revered with almost religious adoration. Something of this spirit can be, and will be, revived. The impartiality of our Speaker; the continuity of Parliamentary Government; the integrity of the Civil Service; the rule of law; the consciousness of responsibility by the Sovereign Court of Parliament; the ideal of sacrifice as an end for statesmanship—all these must become cardinal points in the political faith of the great Conservative Party. With a high hope and a stout heart, our country may be turned again into the path of progress, prosperity and renown.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

Humility

"Nephew of mine was telling me, Sarn't," said Heddle, "that you gave him a hand with that letter about the job in the gasworks. Said you changed it a lot."

"I did that," replied the Sergeant. "And for why? Because your nephew wrote like a fellah that was pleadin' guilty and throwin' himself on the mercy of the court instead of bein' as bould as a lion and sayin' he was the best man for the job. There's nothin' makes me so cross as listenin' to a man runnin' himself down."

"Nobody cares much for a chap that throws his blinkin' weight about," said Heddle.

"It's not that at all, at all," continued Sergeant Murphy. "I'm not talkin' about min that swank and pretind they can do somethin' that they know they can't. But what about the fellahs that think it right to pretind to be modest every time? Listen, Heddle. There's only wan class of people that gives themselves their due—and a bit over. I mane boxers.

"'I'll whip him in three rounds,' says the Tipton Thug the night before a fight, 'and if it wasn't for his starvin' depindents I'd warn the undhertaker to have a man standin' by with a rule to measure him.'

"Back comes the reply from the Margate Mangler: 'It 'ud be unfair to me backers and the public to finish this off in the first tin seconds, but in four rounds I'll eat him cold.' That's the stuff I like to hear. I like a man to stand up for himself.

"But it's supposed to be etiquette for min nowadays to run thimselves down. There was Mr. Spotter, who was elected for Parliament for South Mitchley last time. Whin he was thankin' the electors after the pollin', what did he say? 'Gintlemin and ladies, I know I'm unworthy of the great thrust you've put in me.' And all the time right in front of the lad was a hoardin' full of notices like 'Spotter Is Your Man,' 'Spotter, South Mitchley's Pride,' 'Spotter Will Bring Down the Poor Rate'—or the birth rate, or whatever the divil rate South Mitchley was worryin'

over. If the fellah knew he was unworthy, why the blazes had he the cheek to put up for election?

"Go to a first night at a theatre whin a play has been received with tumulchuous applause. Out comes a fellah thrimblin' like an ashbin leaf, who thanks me and the rest of the crowd for the grand reception we've given his play, and how the whole credit should go to Mr. Woodle, the producer, or to Miss Sally Skin, the heroine, or to Mr. Loofah, the limelight man, whose wife minds the tights with ladders in thim. The playwright doesn't believe for wan minute what he says. At the back of his mind he's thinkin', 'Wan or two in the stalls didn't put a jerk into the applause business, but everybody has to do a bit of pearl-castin' in his time, and it needs intelligince to grasp the meanin' of a man like me.'

"Likewise an aldherman comes along somewhere to declare a cemithery open and to thrust that the ratepayers will enjoy the use of it for many a long day. Thin he goes on to say that he's deeply sinsible of the honour conferred upon him of performin' the cerimony, though he knows he's utterly unworthy of it and is overwhelmed with the importance, and other balderdash of the same kind; and standin' by in two rows are the committee who have selected him as the best man for the job, and who he makes out to be dam fools—which often they are, but sometimes are not.

"Even the policeman who's handed a harmonium and a vellim certificate for capturin' four burglars single-handed thinks the cerimony will be spoiled unless he says that anybody else would have done the same, while all the time he knows that the whole presentation committee would have been up a tree or down a manhole at the sight of wan burglar, much less four."

The Sergeant halted and breathed hard.

"What's put this idea in your head?" asked Heddle.

"I'll tell you. I wrote to me landlord askin' him would he re-paper the passage, which is a disgrace and hasn't been done for twelve years, to my knowledge; and he wrote back as good as tellin' me to go to hell and do it meself."

"But what's that got to do with what you've been saying?"

"Nothin'—except that he signed himself 'Your obedient servant.'"

Mountains

By Lee Nichols

Too long was I a prisoner
In the high-walled valley,
Sighing for the mountain-rim of my prison walls.
The valley was too peopled,
Too full of tricks and noises,
So I fled the shrieking valley
And escaped the city's thralls.
I sat me high on a saw-edged mountain,
A peak in a land of hills.
Oh, the wind in the valley
Sings harsh and shrill,
But it sings like a god in the hills!
All day long I strode my high-spurred mountain;
I caught the westward glitter of the sea,
But in the east and north and south
Were nothing but my hill-tops,
And never a crest rose higher
Than the one that upheld me.

* * * * * *

The music of the wind-rush in the canyons
Comes like undertones in some grand symphony.
All is colour, song, and movement.
Clouds come like fleecy ghosts;
Some like weary sky-birds
Nestle or lie prone against the saw-ribbed summits;
Or they come in serried ranks
Like warriors of the heavens
In very awe of whiteness,
Charging whiteness,
Enveloping me,
Hiding all my hills.
And after them, pursuing,
More warriors,
Black and huge, with slow, eerie onset;

But they cannot pass my hills.
And the hills! I try to sing of the hills,
But I am voiceless with too much song.
I try to learn wherein lies the mystic beauty of the hills,
The power of the hills.
"What is it," I cry, "that holds me here so breathless and patient,
So full of wonderment?"
Only hills and canyons, sweeping winds, and chasing, rushing clouds,
And colours that hurt with joy.
There is something more in all this land of peaks,
But I cannot sing of it.
Words seem so hopeless when I would sing.
I would sing of the speckled hills, of the tufted hills—
And some are camel-humped, and some are spurred;
There are monoliths and tumuli,
Ragged, serrated hills,
And they are not hills,
But temples that are not men's temples,
Castles and fortresses that are not men's castles and fortresses.
And the lines of the hills where the shadows play!
Shadows that play around from west to east
Till their long fingers reach out and disappear into the vastness
Of the oncoming bank of night.
And the sun! The heart-checking divinities of the sun
As it runs down the heavens,
A blinking, dilating glory,
To meet its molten image in the sea!
And the lane of gold
That sweeps to the west over the waves like a comet's tail!
And I am alone, alone in a darkening world
With stars burning holes in the bank of night
That chases after the sun.
But night is cheated.
There will be no night;
From the edge of east,
Pursuing the night-bank
Comes the moon of a lesser day,

And the wind is singing in the canyons,
And the mountains are magic cities,
Cities built by ancient builders,
Builders of mammoth fanes and halls and palaces—
But I must down again to the valley;
I must travel through the night
Down from my rocky pinnacles,
Down to the lesser peaks,
Down to the dwarf hills,
Down to the twisting valleys,
And still down, down, down to the white rock-ribbed arroyos,
Down among the chaparral, the mesquite, and the live-oaks,
And the yucca flower-candles white on the ghostly green,
Where the scent of the sage is keener.
I am borne along by the first night-breathings of the mountains,
I feel the cool of the night-wind on its rush to the valley towns.
Before me, the black of the scrawny eucalyptus borders the farms;
And behind me I leave the hills,
Dim, upheaving shadows
Like greenish, moon-caught limbs of hundred-footed saurians,
Swollen-veined and muscled;
And behind them, vaguer, darker shadows.
And yet beyond, pyramidic ragged forms blotching with black the silvered blue.
And I am leaving the hills!
Only at dusk I was striding the topmost peak,
Knowing all man ever knew of God-like imaginings and majesty,
Having no envy of the slow-circling birds so far below.
And now I am down like a dethroned god;
Majesty and knowing, and playing with clouds and winds,
And throbbing to every change of light
Are less than memories.
I am alone, dethroned.
The mountains leave me only the blue night above
And steal my horizons:
Distance is no more;

The mountains rise again like prison walls.
What is behind the mountains?
What secrets do they hide?
I knew, but know no more.

New regiments of clouds pass over my vacant seat,
Wan spectral symphonies play across my hills.
And I would go back again,
I would sing in the canyons,
And climb where the brush lessens,
Where the birds sing far below,
Where the winds sing with unbroken note,
Where the mountain-heads hold communion,
Where the crests are brushless and raw,
Where the snows have waited until the spring flowers needed their meltings.
But I am treading towards the valley,
And behind me the mountains rush up to the stars.
It is hard to tread the pathway to the valley.
What is behind the mountains?
What is happening in the hills?
I knew, but know no more.

Southern California.

John Skelton

A Forgotten Poet

By L. J. Lloyd

Mr. Lytton Strachey once observed that the historian of literature is little more than an "historian of exploded reputations"—the unusual difficulty which confronts the historian of John Skelton is that he at no time possessed any reputation, other than some contemporary notice, to explode. His position in literature is something anomalous and peculiar. He had no forerunners; he began no school, though some imitations of his work were circulated after his death; and after a career of meteoric brilliance and untiring industry, he suddenly disappeared into complete oblivion, to be ignored, or at least derided as a "rude rayling rhymster" * by almost every successive scholar and critic alike, from Alexander Barclay, his contemporary, who detested him from motives of professional jealousy, to M. Taine, who included in his contemptuous ignorance the whole body of fifteenth-century literature.

Yet this much-maligned poet exerted as definite and unmistakable an influence upon the progress of English letters as any poet or prose writer from Chaucer to Spenser; he combined a true and powerful genius for mordant satire with a delicate and charming gift of lyrical expression, abundant wit and humour quite his own, and a talent for dramatic art which at once entitles him to consideration as one of the fathers of English Drama. He was, in fact, Malory and Lydgate alone excepted, possibly the most considerable, certainly the most interesting, literary figure which fifteenth-century England produced.

A graduate both of Oxford and Cambridge, where he gained the degree of "poete laureate" in grammar, rhetoric, and versification, a fact of which he was inordinately proud, and which he repeatedly asserts, Skelton seems to have soon acquired an international reputation as a scholar, for

* George Puttenham: *The Arte of Poesie.*

we find Erasmus addressing him as "unum Britannicarum literarum lumen ac decus,"* no mean praise, and a testimony which affords a signal proof of the high estimation in which his erudition and attainments were held.

Whether he ever occupied the position of Court poet to Henry VIII is still a matter of some dispute; that he had been appointed tutor to that monarch when Duke of York we learn from his own assertion that

> It plesyth that noble prince roialle,
> Me as hys master for to calle
> In hys lernynge primordialle.†

There is nothing improbable in the suggestion that, in spite of his irascible temper and caustic tongue, he for some time enjoyed great favour at Court, from whence in 1498 or thereabouts he was preferred to the living of Diss, in his native county of Norfolk. It was a strange appointment, if we are to credit the testimony of Thomas Churchyard, that "his talke was as he wrote,"‡ or that of the antiquary, Anthony Wood, who affirms that "Skelton was esteemed more fit for the stage than the pew or pulpit." ‖

It is impossible to define with any accuracy the date either of the composition or the publication of his poems, as almost all the first editions have perished, but it would seem that his first literary efforts were in the form of translations from the classics. Caxton, writing in 1490, says in an interesting passage that "Maister John Skelton" had translated:

> Tullye, and the boke of Diodorus Siculus, and diverse other werkes oute of latyn into englysshe, not in rude and olde langage, but in polysshed and ornate termes craftely, as he that hath redde Vyrgyle, Ovyde, Tullye, and all the other noble poetes and oratoures.§

which looks as if his reputation as a translator was neither small nor merely local.

We may regard the two elegies "On the dethe of the noble prince Kynge Edwarde the forth" and "on the dethe of the most honourable erle of Northumberlande" as Skelton's first original compositions in verse. There is

* "De laudibus Britanniae, Regisque Henrici Septimi ac regiorum Liberorum," dedicated to Prince Henry.

† Fourth poem: "Againſt Garnesche," ll. 103-5.

‡ Lines prefixed to Marston's edition of Skelton's works, 1568.

‖ *Athenae Oxonienses*, 1691 (i. 50 ed. Bliss).

§ Preface to *The Boke of Eneydos compyled by Vyrgyle*, 1490.

no great matter in either of them, though the former is noticeable for a refrain:

Et, ecce, nunc in pulvere dormio,

whose haunting sadness recalls Dunbar's "Timor mortis conturbat me," in a poem on a very different subject. "Agaynst the Scottes," a vigorous and boisterous production in ballad metre, called forth by the battle of Flodden, Mr. Lang considered in bad taste, and Skelton certainly does exult and crow over the defeated enemy with a savage glee which, though sincere and patriotic, is none the less highly unchivalrous. These early essays, in which the prentice hand is clearly evident, deserve to be mentioned not for their intrinsic merits, but for the promise they display, and it is not until "The boke of Phyllyp Sparowe," a lament for the pet bird of fair Mistress Jane Scroop, or Scrope, that Skelton begins to exhibit his true worth as a poet, and a poet he undoubtedly is, if delicate and elegantly turned compliments, playful wit and exquisite fancy be things of poetry. Moreover, and this is worth noting, the poem carries the reader along with a verve and a swing that had been a stranger to our poetry for many a weary day; Skelton has almost overcome, in this "boke," his early difficulties with the merely mechanical art of versification, and the charming refrain:

For this most goodly flower
This blossome of fresshe colour
So Jupiter me socoure
She florysshеth new and new
In beaute and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina, etc.,

introduced so unexpectedly, and with such fine skill, has the effect of some lively and spirited Morris dance. Yet the poem suffers by its extreme length (there are some 1,400 lines of it); Skelton never knew when to stop, and this tendency towards the prolix, though natural in a poet of such ingenuity and resource, is a fatal blemish on much of his later work. *Sufflaminandus erat!* He was by nature a careless writer: never stopping to think, he, like a greater than himself, "whatsoever he penned never blotted out line," and, consequently, when he did attempt a composition in fine and ornate verse he completely over-

shot the mark, and in his eagerness for polish lost all spontaneity and freshness. The autobiographical "Garlande of Laurell" exhibits just those faults which arise from over-elaboration and over-refinement—stilted diction, tiresome reiteration, and an abundance of absurd conceits in the laboured style of "The Romaunt of the Rose."

Whatever life still clings to the "Garlande" it owes to one or two of its leaves, the lyrical addresses to the ladies who weave the poet's chaplet, "To Mistress Gertrude Statham," "To Mistress Isabel Pennel," and the finest of them, "To Mistress Margaret Hussey," which with its exquisite refrain—

> **Mirry Margaret**
> **As mydsomer floure**
> **Gentill as falcoun**
> **Or hawke of the toure**

is a joy for ever, and Skelton's masterpiece in this kind of verse.

With the "Garlande of Laurell" ends what may be termed his first period. Hitherto we have seen him as a courtly writer of complimentary verses upon himself and others; now he appears as a satirist, relentless and unrestrained, lashing with a half insane fury the vices and abuses of his time. We see him as a dramatist and humorist, painting with a coarse brush, but with a touch as sure as Hogarth's, the low humours of rustic life, in a style as thoroughly native and as essentially English as *The Canterbury Tales*.

"The Bouge of Courte" is Skelton's first essay in that characteristic vein of satire upon Church and State which was to occupy the remaining years of his life. Writing from his country parsonage, he expressed his fervent opinions upon cleric and courtier with an amazing boldness, and in a style which for command of sheer invective and concentrated venom has been equalled, but not surpassed.

This poem is cast into the ever-popular form of an allegorical dream. The poet, in the person of Drede ("Modesty"), "slumbrynge at Harwiche Porte," sees a fine vessel, "The Bouge of Courte," come sailing into the harbour, carrying as merchandise Court Favour. On board

he meets a company of old familiar faces, Riot, Disdain, Dissimulation, Suspect and the rest, who come forward in turn and make themselves known in long rhetorical speeches. After some discussion, Drede, suddenly realising they are his enemies, is about to jump overboard in terror, awakes with a start—and that is the humour of it.

Notwithstanding the general air of stagnation which pervades the poem, it contains many examples of Skelton's peculiar sarcasm, and, moreover, affords him an opportunity to indulge his taste for character-drawing, which he executes with a few deft strokes, and with some of the precision but nothing of the felicity of Chaucer. The figure of "Ryotte," "a rustye gallante, to-ragged and to-rente," whose hair "Was growen thorough oute his hat," is well done; even better is Dissimulation:

> **Than in his hood, I saw there faces twayne**
> **That one was lene and lyke a pyned goost,**
> **The other looked as he wolde me have slayne.**

The poet also indulges his taste for covert allusions to Court life, obvious enough to anyone well versed in the manners of good King Hal and his merry friends, which are most amusing: "The courtiers," said Mr. Gifford of the poem, "must have squirmed at it."

If the courtiers squirmed at "The Bouge of Courte," the clergy must surely have writhed under the whiplash of "Colyn Cloute," Skelton's remarkable diatribe against their vice, arrogance, and greed, in which he takes the standpoint of the average countryman giving his candid opinion on the state of the Church, of whose sins there is no more scathing indictment before the Reformation. The ignorance, the ostentation, the indifference, and the vice rampant within its walls are ruthlessly exposed to view, and lashed with a scornful and merciless severity. The Bishops who

> **Tayke no hede**
> **Theyr sely shepe to fede**
> **But plucke away and pull**
> **The fleces of theyr wull**

seem to foreshadow the prelates to whom the "hungry sheep look up and are not fed" of a later generation, yet Skelton is not writing in contempt of the Church, but rather in impassioned defence of it, and of that order of which he himself was a member. What caused him to

turn and assail his quondam benefactor Wolsey with such rancour and energy in "Why come ye not to Courte?" incomparably his finest achievement in satire, must for ever remain a mystery, all the more inexplicable in view of the fulsome address to the Cardinal which he had but recently inserted in the "Envoy" to his poem, "How the douty Duke of Albany":

> Go, lytell quayre, apace
> In moost humble wyse
> Before his noble grace
> And hym moost lowly pray . . .

and so on. Yet assail him he did, and never was such a venomous diatribe directed against any one man. In "The Bouge of Courte" and "Colyn Cloute" he had made some shrewd, but covert, thrusts at the Cardinal; now there is no attempt at disguise, he attacks, with what seems an amazing boldness in a comparatively obscure parish priest, Wolsey's pride and arrogance, his insatiate greed, his overbearing conduct at the Council Table,

> Clapping his rod on the borde
> No man dare speke a word,
> For he hath all the saying
> Withoute any renaying.

Even his mean origin is not spared. Nothing is forgotten: nothing forgiven: everything is exaggerated. It was not printed in Skelton's lifetime, which is not surprising, but circulated among friends and such as might derive pleasure from the discomfiture of a much-hated enemy. The gibe struck home, and the infuriated prelate hastily sent out officers to apprehend the poet, who, however, seems to have had his plans carefully laid, for he immediately fled for sanctuary to Westminster, where he remained until his death.

Of his other productions only two need concern us further—his interlude "Magnyfycence" and the much-abused "Tunnynge of Elynour Rummynge."

The former is interesting as one of the finest examples in existence of the interlude, which, though capable of almost incredible dullness, could become, in the hands of a man of genius, a very pleasant form of entertainment. In Skelton's effort the old stock characters, Folly, Adversity, Felicity, and the rest, take on some semblance of reality, and the dialogue is often witty and sustained: we

also obtain a glimpse of what is probably the first appearance of lyrical interpolations in drama. The theme is the popular "evils of ambition and decay of worldly wealth": the play is a worthy progenitor of "Gamer Gurton's Nedle."

"The Tunnynge of Elynour Rummynge," a low burlesque description of the brewing of a country alewife, shows clearly what rare power Skelton had of writing "with his eye on the object." The verse is the most vigorous he ever wrote, and the various women who come to share in what eventually degenerates into a kind of orgy are depicted with consummate skill and with the eye of an etcher for detail: it is as though all the pent-up exuberance of the poet had expanded itself into six hundred lines of verse. What he described was probably a frequent event in his native Norfolk: he certainly writes as though his acquaintance with "jolly good ale and old" was not merely second-hand.

Pope had the audacity to style the works of Skelton a compound of "ribaldry, obscenity, and Billingsgate language,"* a criticism which once again proves that Pope the critic and Pope the poet are two vastly different people. Skelton was, in fact, a poet remarkably free from any taint of grossness: where blemishes do occur they may be justly attributed to the prevailing taste of his time, which was certainly neither pure nor fastidious. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*

This careless, fearless, vigorous old country priest seems to have died about 1529, one year before his enemy Wolsey, in the care of Abbot Islip of Westminster, probably near his full term of days. His rightful place in literature is clear. Mr. Saintsbury would have us believe that "he occupies with Butler a position as the chief English verse writer who distinctly preferred to be burlesque to the verge of doggerel"; rather is his place with the Titans, with Swift, with Fielding, and with Smollett, as one of the great company of English satirists, and as one of the greatest.†

* *First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace Imitated*, 1737.

† There is no adequate edition of Skelton. The least unsatisfactory is that of Alexander Dyce, London, 2 vols., 1843. A selection was edited by W. H. Williams, London, 1902.

American Glimpses*

VII.—The Indians

By William A. Robson

To visit an institute such as the Haskell School in Kansas is to witness the aftermath following the decay of a primitive civilisation; and a more pitiful sight could not well be imagined.

Haskell is a Federal vocational training school for Red Indian boys and girls of all ages—from youngsters of six and seven years up to grown men and women. They come, for the most part, after attendance in the Reservation School, to be taught a trade or occupation which will enable them to earn a living under modern economic conditions. All the ancient and beautiful Indian crafts, such as weaving and silver and leather work, are ignored, and their place is taken by auto repairing, printing and stenography.

How pathetic it all is! One sees the hundreds of young Indian girls and boys in uniform clothing (the men in khaki), their faces washed, their hair neatly brushed: regimented, marshalled, organised, docile. From my seat in the gallery of the chapel I looked down upon the serried rows of bent heads, the men on one side, the girls on the other (they are separated at all times save for a brief hour on Sunday); and there was something infinitely pitiful in the manner in which these noble creatures had become the victims of the white man's mania for arbitrarily impressing his civilisation on every native race with which he comes into contact.

The Indians I saw at Haskell were being trained to live in a white man's world under white man's conditions. How difficult to feel that " a return to the blanket "—an incident that sometimes occurs—is the last tragedy of the incorrigible wastrel. How difficult to feel that the absence in the Indian of the average white man's virtues of thrift and parsimony and hard work is an indication of a real defect of Indian character.

* Copyright U.S.A.

The treatment of the Indians by the American people is a story of woe and shame. Despite the fact that they were such a mere handful that they could easily have been left in peace; despite the fact that America treasures the primitive life of the Indian tribes in song and lyric and legend and bronze, the situation to-day is that the Indian life in its natural state has been deteriorated or smashed up almost everywhere; famous tribes (such as the Cherokees) have been disintegrated, and the remaining few tens of thousands have been turned into barren and infertile reservations under Government supervision. Not the least harmful behaviour has been the misguided generosity shown towards a tribe such as the Ossages, who have been given royalties amounting to thousands of dollars a head per annum on oil deposits found in their lands.

Worth While

By L. de Giberne Sieveking

1

Who says: "Give me a room in a corner,
My back to the light and a quiet chair"?
There he may sit in the shadow and ponder,
But will it be Quiet that he finds there?

2

Who says: "Find me a clamorous city,
Where I may strive with the brains of men"?
Thus he will work without pause or pity,
What profiting?—That is the question, then.

3

Who says: "Fetch me a hope that's broken!
A lost Ideal . . . . faded and pale;
That I may add my life as token
That it still lives!" *He* cannot fail.

Shylock Defends Himself

By R. Gordon Wasson

(Associate Editor of "Current Opinion," New York)

THE odd belief that Great Britain's debt to America was incurred on behalf of her Allies is still unaccountably prevalent in England.

Thus Ernest Remnant, in the January issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW speaks of the debt "which England incurred on behalf of Allies to whom America refused to lend direct." Yet, at the very time he was writing, the Press of the world was ringing with M. Clémentel's pronouncement on France's attitude toward her £812,000,000 debt to the nation "which refused to lend to her direct"!

The facts are that we lent more money *direct* to England's Allies than we did to her; that we lent *direct* to France more money during our short participation in the conflict than did England during the entire war; that we continued our advances to all the Allies long after the Armistice had been signed; that we lent France and Italy all the money they asked for, and would have lent them more had they needed it.

Here is a comparative table of America's advances as compiled recently in the *Economist* from the Finance Accounts, 1923-24 (H.M. Stationery Office), and from a statement of the American Treasury Department issued on May 16th, 1924:—

Due by—	To Great Britain.	To U.S. (at $5=£1).	Total.
Great Britain	—	959,857,000	959,857,000
France	623,279,000	812,786,000	1,436,065,000
Italy	553,300,000	411,256,000	964,556,000
Belgium	—	92,629,000	92,629,000
Austria	10,794,000	5,821,000	16,615,000
Czecho-Slovakia	474,000	22,643,000	23,117,000
Poland	4,489,000	31,978,000	36,467,000
Roumania	26,974,000	8,940,000	35,914,000
Russia	722,546,000	49,344,000	771,890,000
Jugo-Slavia	30,733,000	12,573,000	43,306,000
Other European countries	58,802,000	13,924,000	72,726,000
	2,031,391,000	2,421,751,000	4,453,142,000

Due by—	To Great Britain.	To U.S. (at $5=£1).	Total.
Australia	89,271,000	—	89,271,000
New Zealand	29,189,000	—	29,189,000
South Africa	11,884,000	—	11,884,000
Other British Dominions	1,146,000	—	1,146,000
Total by Dominions	131,490,000	—	131,490,000
Grand total ...	2,162,881,000	2,421,751,000	4,584,632,000

No shred of evidence has ever been adduced to support the notion that the United States, either formally or informally, ever asked England to go surety for her Allies. Our direct loans to these Allies suffice in themselves to explode this canard. But the records, it happens, show a situation even more disconcerting to the popular English belief. The British Chancellor of the Exchequer asked that England be allowed to serve as "conduit pipe" (this was the term used) for credits to other Allies, but the Secretary of the American Treasury declined! * England has us to thank, therefore, for saving her from shouldering a large part of the French debt to us. True, our decision was not inspired by benevolence. We felt that England's object was to allocate the credits to her own profiteers, and we preferred to keep the money at home. American business perspicacity thus rescued British statesmanship from itself.

Again, no shred of evidence has ever been adduced to support the loose belief prevalent in England that the dollar credits we advanced to England were spent on munitions for France or Italy. The disposition that England made of the £950,000,000 pounds we lent her American officials were never able to determine with precision. Some of the money clearly went for munitions for

* A memorandum written to B. P. Blackett, Esq., of the British Treasury, by Arthur Rathbone, Assistant Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, dated November 8th, 1919, stated: "You will recall that the reply of the Secretary of the Treasury to the then Chancellor's communication, in which he referred to the British Treasury acting as a conduit pipe . . . definitely refused to make reimbursement to your Government for any of its expenditures for France within the British Empire, or for all its like expenditures for neutral purchases. The formal statement was, in effect, a re-statement of the position that had been taken during the previous months, as to which the representatives in Washington of the British Treasury had been fully informed."

the British Army; some apparently went for American food supplies which were re-sold by the British Government to its own nationals; finally, indications exist that a large part of the English loan was spent for industrial supplies which enabled England's peace-time plants to tide over the critical war period preparatory to post-war trade resumption. This latter disposition was highly legitimate, and, from England's viewpoint, a far-sighted policy. At the same time not much imagination is demanded of any Englishman to grasp why Americans have always been loath, by cancelling the British indebtedness, to become the fairy godfathers of British industry!

If English writers on the inter-Allied debt question possessed even superficial familiarity with the actual circumstances surrounding the American advances, and in general with the complicated inter-Allied financial relations in the last years of the war, they would at least avoid the facile generalisations which they echo from one another and derive ultimately from the celebrated, but thoroughly misleading and unhistorical, Balfour pronouncement on the subject. The debt discussion in the American Press has from the start been incomparably fuller than in either England or France, chiefly because each side of the issue has been presented elaborately by its advocates, who have striven to win over their opponents. In America alone have writers gone beyond the externals of the situation and reached the correspondence and memoranda in the official files which deal with the loans. The question of the economic possibility of repayment is beside the purpose of this article, but one fact in this connection it would be well for Europeans to know. Our debtors have from the first been prone to throw up their hands before the spectacle of their "mountainous" debts, and have regarded American insistence on repayment as evidence of stupid callousness to their hopeless plight. The truth is that Herbert Hoover, who knows Europe's economic situation as intimately as anyone, and whose record in feeding starving peoples is hardly that of a Shylock, came to the conclusion shortly after the war that 95 per cent. of the loans was collectable, if we decided on collection as just and advisable. He, and not our demagogic politicians,

shaped American policy in this matter, and time is gradually lending striking confirmation to his survey.

The United States decline to discuss debt cancellation because Americans decline the honour of paying for other people's wars. We never participated in the World War on the same footing as the Allies: to the very end we strove to make this clear by calling ourselves an "Associated" Power. We had no share in its origins. We did not have so much at stake; our immediate existence was not threatened, and what the ultimate result of an indecisive German victory would have been is problematic. We do not recognise any equity in the Allies' desire to punish us financially for not having joined them in August, 1914. When the Allies divided among themselves the German colonies, rich in economic and human resources, we neither demanded nor received an acre.

One sentimental plea for cancellation in particular has a bad odour for many Americans: that we should write off our loans because all the Allies were banded together in a holy "common cause" where resources were pooled. We know, to our cost, that resources were not pooled. We remember how the French charged us rentals everywhere our army went, and charged us for army supplies; and how the English long made us buy our British supplies in the open market, declining to share with us the benefits of Government-controlled prices. And we paid cash. When the British sent us a bill for $90,000,000 for carrying a million soldiers to Europe in British bottoms, did we whimper that Great Britain ought to furnish the vessels free for the sake of the common cause? Not much! Americans never heard of the common cause, so far as finances went, until we had paid our bills and intimated that we expected others to do likewise.

Our financial policy toward the Allies has been quixotically generous. As soon as we entered the war, our Government volunteered to serve as channel for munition orders, thus restraining somewhat the impossible prices that would have prevailed in an open, chaotic market. Of course our profiteers made outrageous profits, but no more than their brethren in Europe, and therefore

to be no more condemned. But we not alone controlled prices: we advanced the money to meet the bills, accepting unsecured I O U's in exchange. Still further, for years our American taxpayers met the interest on the twenty-five hundred million pounds which we had advanced with scarcely a murmur. Our generosity has only stopped short of cancellation, for in the British funding settlement we showed ourselves willing to scale down the totals by the transparent device of sub-normal interest rates. The credits advanced to England were raised (like all our foreign loans) by internal bond flotations bearing around four per cent. interest. By granting England terms calling for three and three and a half per cent., we saddled our own taxpayers for decades to come with a share of the English debt. And though taxation in Great Britain is heavier than in the United States, the difference is not so great as most Englishmen are inclined to think. English writers on taxation, when they turn their attention to the United States, frequently overlook our State and local imposts, which are supplementary to the Federal revenues.

Debt cancellation would be a gigantic piece of philanthropy, and Americans have not found philanthropy a successful foreign policy. We have given lavishly for years, through the Government and through private charities; and the upshot seems to be a Europe crying, "More, more"; a Europe that fawns when we loosen our purse-strings and reviles us when we tighten them; a Europe that is friendly for a price. The *beau geste* of cancellation would not gain for us much gratitude, as the recipients of our bounty would regard our action as merely our duty, forced on us by economic compulsion.

Most amazing of all, and from a philosopher's viewpoint most amusing, is the vague feeling prevalent in even the "best" circles in England and France that Americans are in some way morally bound to pay Europe's war debts because we happen to be comparatively rich. As a social system, Communism is abhorrent to the English Tory and French *bourgeois* alike. Yet finding their countries economically hard pressed, they have come to advocate what amounts to international Communism! They feel justified in demanding a redistribution of Uncle Sam's property merely on the ground that he has more than they.

What irony to delight the Marxians is in this unconscious shaping of intellectual outlook by economic pressure!

Creditors are proverbially unpopular, and insistent creditors are always called Shylocks, whether their bond be just or unjust. America does not relish her invidious position (part of the price she has had to pay for her share in the war). But we have before us the example of England, who in her greatest periods has never seen fit to shape her national policy so as to gratify the half-baked emotional outbursts of other peoples who bore her neither love nor reverence. Similarly America to-day does not feel inclined to truckle to elements in Europe which appear to her more neurotic than well-balanced, more strident than well-informed.

The British Government has been so punctiliously correct in its settlement with America as almost to embarrass us. Your official stand has been heroic—a magnificent proof that old England's mettle is still what it always has been. You have re-established your credit in the world, and your pound is virtually at par. But this stupendous achievement is marred by one thing: the rabid, unjust comment of your Press and some of your politicians who are willing to soil a noble record that they may conjure up a distant, foreign scapegoat on whom to lay responsibility for England's burdens. Officially, England is living true to her traditions; unofficially, her attitude in this great matter can hardly be distinguished from that of the Continental peoples.

Note by Mr. Ernest Remnant

To those readers of the foregoing paper who have not read my article in the January number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW,* referred to by Mr. Wasson, I should perhaps explain that it was solely a plea for a more generous attitude on the part of America toward her Continental debtors. It was quite clear that the Continental debts in question represented sums which had been lent by America direct. The fact remains, however, that £1,000,000,000

* A few copies are still available, 1*s.* 2*d.* post free.

(in round figures) borrowed by Great Britain from America was re-lent to our Continental Allies, and there is no doubt whatever that, to put it mildly, Great Britain was a much more acceptable creditor to America than any of our Allies. Why else were those sums not also borrowed direct?

Mr. Wasson dismisses the Balfour Note as "misleading and unhistorical." I will content myself by quoting it in brief, together with Mr. Winston Churchill's re-statement of it in the House of Commons in December last. Both of these statesmen—the one at the British Foreign Office, the other at the British Treasury—were, presumably, at least as well informed as Mr. Wasson.

Lord Balfour, August 1st, 1922:—

It should not be forgotten, though it sometimes is, that our liabilities were incurred for others, not for ourselves. The food, the raw material, the munitions required by the immense naval and military efforts of Great Britain and half the £2,000,000,000 advanced to allies were provided, not by means of foreign loans, but by internal borrowing and war taxation. Unfortunately, a similar policy was beyond the power of other European nations. Appeal was therefore made to the Government of the United States; and under the arrangement then arrived at the United States insisted, in substance if not in form, that, though our Allies were to spend the money, it was only on our security that they were prepared to lend it. This co-operative effort was of infinite value to the common cause, but it cannot be said that the *rôle* assigned in it to this country was one of special privilege or advantage.

Mr. Winston Churchill, December 10th, 1924:—

The total loan of Great Britain to the European Allies may be stated approximately at £2,000,000,000. Of this we produced, roughly speaking, half from our own resources, and we contracted a debt equal to the other half, roughly £1,000,000,000, in the U.S. If we had not lent to the Allies £2,000,000,000 we should not have had to incur, in all human probability, £1,000,000,000 of debt to the United States.

. . . We seek no more from Allies and enemies together than will enable us to recover the charges we are forced to pay externally to the United States on account of our Allies.

Mr. Wasson complains that American officials were never able precisely to determine the disposition of the sums we borrowed, and states that some of them were applied to the purchase of munitions for the British Army, of food supplies re-sold to our own nationals, and of industrial supplies and equipment. Whether he regards such use of the money as improper, or merely as evidence that it was not in fact re-lent to our Allies is not clear. But the point is immaterial. As the reservoir

of immediately available British resources tended to become exhausted it was replenished, partly by the sale of our securities, and partly by loans from America. We should not otherwise have been able to finance our Allies as we did, and thus it was that we borrowed from America on their behalf. As we lent over £2,000,000,000 to our Allies (other than our Dominions), and borrowed rather less than half of that sum from America, it is obvious that if one-half only of our loans to our Allies had been borrowed by them from America direct, we need not have been indebted to America at all.

Mr. Wasson quotes Mr. Herbert Hoover, for whose ability and heroic humanitarian achievements in relief of war suffering I have the deepest respect, as stating that 95 per cent. of the European war debts was collectable, if collection was decided upon as just and advisable. Mr. Hoover is certainly right, although recovery from Russia would require military coercion. But has Mr. Hoover expressed himself as to the justice and advisability of such collection?

Mr. Wasson is evidently aware that, as I stated, there are two very different attitudes in America towards the question of European war debts. I believe that the best type of enlightened Americans agree in the main with the view I expressed, viz., that it is not morally justifiable to treat the whole of these debts as purely commercial obligations. There is unfortunately a larger section of American opinion dominated by "demagogic politicians" which places dollars above mere morality, sentiment, or justice. With these it seems hopeless to reason. Mr. Wasson is himself a typical exponent of their view.

> The United States decline to discuss debt cancellation because Americans decline the honour of paying for *other people's wars*. We never participated in the World War on the same footing as the Allies: we did not have so much at stake; our *immediate* existence was not threatened, and what the ultimate result of an *indecisive* German victory would have been is problematic [my italics].
>
> Our financial policy towards the Allies has been quixotically generous.
>
> Debt cancellation would be a gigantic piece of philanthropy, and Americans have not found philanthropy a successful foreign policy.

Controversy upon such statements would involve mere repetition of the views expressed in my original article. "Other people's wars" and "indecisive German victory"

are piquant phrases, but I prefer to conclude with quotations from two gentlemen no less likely than Lord Balfour and Mr. Winston Churchill to be as well informed as Mr. Wasson.

Mr. Otto H. Kahn, one of the greatest of American bankers, and a proved friend of the Allies, wrote in 1924 :—

> The two and a half years immediately preceding America's entrance into the war were, from the point of view of sheer profit-making, simply ideal for many American industries and individuals.
>
> The Allies *had* to buy large and ever-increasing quantities of some of the products of our soil and industries practically regardless of price. The demand was almost unlimited; profits were very great and taxes were light.

The General Manager of one of the leading Canadian banks, in a letter to a reader of this REVIEW :—

> Practically the entire five billions of dollars of Britain's debt to the U.S. was incurred for war munitions and supplies purchased from America *after* that country became an associate in April, 1917. The U.S.A. was fundamentally a *silent* partner in the horrible business of war for nearly two and a half years, and made a profit of three or four times five billions of dollars during that period. They became an active partner in the business in April, 1917, but not an actual participant until a year or so later, during which time the expenditures for war were made in the common cause of the Allies and the associate. If this fact had been properly stressed in the negotiations at Washington, I believe that a much better bargain could have been effected in the settlement of Britain's debt to America.
>
> I have also received the January copy of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, which you were kind enough to send me, and I have read with great interest Mr. Ernest Remnant's article upon "America and Inter-Allied Debts." This article is comprehensive, and very much more temperate than that written by "Imperialist." While it is true that the bulk of American opinion still believes that the U.S.A. won the Great War, and that she is determined that the Allies will pay for it, the better class of Americans do not entertain any such view, and, therefore, why rub it in? In other respects the article is a feast of good reasoning and actual facts, and if more such articles were supplied to the American public (without recrimination or sting) I believe that the nation could be gradually educated with respect to many of the hallucinations with which their souls are at present burdened.

English and American readers who wish to form a just view of this problem, already, I fear, gravely prejudiced by partisan feeling, may study with advantage the article on "France's Debts" in this number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW. In particular I would commend their attention to the eloquent passage quoted from Mr. J. M. Keynes on page 610.

The Miser

By George Manning-Sanders

Two tramps, father and son, walked in silence along a moorland road, with no protection against the heavy rain and cold wind, except drenched sacks laid across their shoulders. Suddenly the father stood still and held his son's arm for support.

"Here, steady on, what's come to you at all?" asked the young man.

"I've gone queerish in the head, because of the cold and wet, and that's what it is," said the old man, shaking himself like a dog.

"We never did ought to have come away from the town on such a day by rights, and now what's to be done —for shelter you must have, or you'll not be able to do work when we get it. Maybe there's a cottage nigh, where they'd let you warmy up a bit," said the son, glancing around at the bleak hills.

"Aye, but more's the pity, there is no such cottage, boy; —for I did know these parts when I was a lad about your age. It crossed my mind when we was trapsing here to-day, though I've given no thought to it this many a year."

The old man cowered against a gorse bush, while the youth went to a mound and stood upon it. And presently he came lumbering back again.

"There's a cottage or some such, across yonder," said he, pointing.

"That there's not," said the old man, "because I should remember if there was."

"Well, there's smoke, and that means warmth—here, lean your weight across my shoulder, and come on smart."

The two men stumbled over the uneven moor, almost blinded by the rain; the old man muttering of those days when he had worked there as a labourer. And soon they came to where they could see mistily, a small cottage with smoke being driven from its one chimney.

"There! What did I say?" cried the son.

"Why, to be sure, I call it to mind now," said the old man. "It's Marty's cottage. She lived there in the old days with her aunt that was a miser, and I call to mind hearing that the aunt died, and that Marty afterwards turned just so much a miser as the old one had been. The maid was silentish in them days, pale she was, with black hair, and I mind once . . ."

"Here, keep your eyes on the dratted ground or we'll both be cracking our bones," said the son irritably; "if you did know the woman years ago, so much the better for you now."

"Marty's aunt did one time pour a kettle of hot water upon a pedlar chap that stood knocking at her door—for she always humoured a thought that all men's hands was tingling to get touch of her gold, or the maid."

"Now cease your prattle," said the son when they came near to the grey walls of the cottage, "and I'll tell how bad is your plight, and crave shelter."

There came no response to his knocking. Both men had their ears close against the wet wood of the door, but they could hear nothing but the crackle of the fire within.

The young man put his thumb on the latch and swung the door open so that the ruddy light from the fire radiated out into the damp greyness. Then he lifted the sacks from both their shoulders, and, having wiped their boots, they passed into the haven with grimaces of pleasure.

"She's, maybe, overstairs," whispered the son, "and mind, when she comes down, you go all limp and fainty, for when a man's overcome so, it's no theft to put his carcase beside heat that's a-wasting of itself."

Gouts of rain fell down the wide chimney to sizzle spitefully on the fire; the two men sat munching damp crusts of bread and cheese with steam rising from their clothes, and a glow coming to their faces. The old man was blinking sleepily at the flames; the young man was looking around the bare kitchen with furtive eyes; he put out his foot to kick over a stool, and the crash of it brought no protest above the whistle of wind and the rattle of rain.

"She's gone out, for sure," he said loudly, his scrutiny of the kitchen more purposeful.

The father, looking into his son's face, shook his head

as though in reply to a question. "It's risky, boy, and she might come back afore we'd done," he said.

"So she might, but if the door was made fast against her, she'd have to go miles to get help to burst it open, and that would give me and you time to get safe away."

"Ordinarily, I'd say it was wrong to lay hands on what belonged to another," said the father solemnly, "but this seems like a thing ordained—what they do call fate. There was the smoke to guide us and the fire to give life back to our limbs, and she gone forth leaving the door on the latch so handy."

"A miser has no joy of what she has, and if it's gold in plenty she's hoarded, I'll be able to get wedded," said the son eagerly.

The old man was smiling reminiscently.

"The past is coming to memory, like pictures shaping in that fire. I mind that when I was a lad, I had a bit of a fancy for Marty, but she was hard to come at because of the old aunt. Once I got word to her that she was to meet me a hundred yards or so from this cottage after dark against a cluster of furze. Sure enough I waited, but it warn't she who came, it was the aunt, and no sooner had I pulled her to me thinking it Marty, than she clawed my face all down and tore out my hair by the handfuls. And after, I was that frightened I never glanced more at Marty, for there were other maids in plenty."

"Ease your talk now, and get your boots off, so that we'll go quiet," said the son, jerking off his own boots and going to pull the wooden bar across the door.

They began to search the kitchen, the wind complaining, the rain hissing on the fire. The young man searched systematically. The old man was so interested in his memories that he could not search at all; he followed after his son, telling with chuckles vague details of those days when he had briefly yearned for Marty.

"You'll not find aught, the way you chatter," said his son; "you better go up overstairs while I finish here."

The old man obediently went up the narrow twisted stairs till only his heels were visible, and then he gave a muffled cry, and his son, hurrying, caught him as he collapsed.

"She's up there sitting asleep, and it give me a turn,"

he whispered, "and she's got what we want on her knees—a iron box; she's most like falled to slumber counting her coin."

"Bide quiet down here, and I'll tip-toey up and take what she holds away from her, for she's a heavy sleeper not to have heeded our clatter," said the son.

He went up cautiously through the hole where the stairs opened into the low room, and going forward to the huddled little woman, he peered over her shoulder and saw her thin hand resting on a substance that looked like a crumpled brown leaf. He put down his hand to see if anything were hidden by it, and felt the fingers cold as steel. With a glance at the dead smiling face he stumbled down to his father.

"She's dead—and she's no miser; it's a trifle of reddish hair that she has afore her in the iron box."

"Let's go back to the rain," said the trembling old man, "for it's likely Marty was only strange in the head, and no miser at all, and we don't want to do anything that will make her to haunt us all our days to come."

The two men were walking on the road again, with the rain and wind tormenting them, when the old man, looking in the direction of Marty's cottage, raised a shaking hand to his head.

"My hair was reddish-brown once," he said, as though speaking to himself, "and now it's grey, and she's dead."

"That's the way of it," said the youth, and both men paced on in silence, one thinking of the past, the other of the future.

Feeding the West End Stage

By Horace Shipp

The Round Table, by Lennox Robinson. ("Q" Theatre.)
Adam and Eva, by Guy Bolton and George Middleton. ("Q," transferred to Little Theatre.)
Overture, by Sutton Vane. (Everyman.)

I RECALL from the days of my youth a perennial pantomime gag whereby the stage policeman remarked to his sundry Thesbian collaborators: "What are you doing here? Nothing! Go and do it somewhere else." The inanity might stand as the economic dictum of the West End theatre managers under present economic conditions. There is no place in the expensive West London theatres for any play which is going to do less than something big in the way of receipts; and the experimental work, the trying out which is so essential to a healthy theatre, becomes increasingly the work of the producing societies and of theatres outside the radius. Sometimes in the provinces. But that is an uncertain experimenting ground, since the approval of Exeter is no real criterion of town taste, and what Blackpool says to-day may not be echoed by London to-morrow. Nor is a Sunday night gathering of highbrows a sample audience; nor the *crème de la crème intelligentsia* which can forgather on Monday afternoons. Here, then, was the opportunity for such theatres as the Everyman at Hampstead, and the recently opened "Q" Theatre at Kew Bridge. They could afford repertory, changing their programmes every two or three weeks; they attracted the Press, a sample public, and even that *rara avis* the prospecting manager. They could get London actors and producers, and first-rate playwrights were not averse from having their work performed in them.

There was also the economic factor of the royalty commissions on their successful finds to be considered for the managers, and the chance of floating into the Elysian fields around Piccadilly Circus on the wings of a success

as an inducement for actor and dramatist. I hope I may be forgiven for mentioning such motives.

The "Q" Theatre has already done some jolly work. A converted cinema, it is as comfortable a house as one could wish. The programme is unpretentious, being that of producing a selection of old West End successes interspersed with new plays. Milton Rosmer is producing and fine casts are acting, so that not only the residents of Kew, but theatre-lovers of the metropolis find the house worth visiting. Indeed, on the first night of Mr. Lennox Robinson's *The Round Table* the audience were distinctly of the *Who's Who* standard. The play, coming from such a hand, should have been better, amusing and at times subtle and analytic though it was. It dealt with one of those Bunty-pulls-the-strings young women who was at once the dictator and slave of her household, and who was in danger of marrying and filling the dual *rôle* in her husband's house; but her other self—her freedom-loving self—intervenes and she escapes. This proved a framework for some good comedy, some good characterisation, and one passage of quite irrelevant character drawing which had nothing whatever to do with the play but was so excellent that we forgave its intrusion. *The Round Table* is itself to go to the West End in Sybil Thorndike's hands, and although Dorothy Dix and Clare Greet did excellent work at Kew with it, perhaps Miss Thorndike's genius will knit up the somewhat loose ends of the piece. It stands rather as the type of play which the "Q" management seem to appreciate; its good but not profound story, its easy humour and its not too worrying reflections on human motives having been also characteristics of the Leonard Merrick play produced there, of *Adam and Eva*, which has now moved on to the Little Theatre and which we are told ran for a great time in New York. *Adam and Eva* has some really brilliant comedy patches to commend it. One could wish the producer had paid more attention to the shapes, sizes, and ages of his cast.

An interesting announcement from Kew is that of the production on April 27th of Howard Peacey's *Magic Hours*. Mr. Peacey is having his chance with the London playgoing public: his *Nature of the Evidence*, which won

the Reandean £100 prize, is to be given a production by the R.A.D.A. He is already known to play-readers in that *Magic Hours* * and an earlier play, *The Fifth of November*,* have been published; many of us look forward with interest to seeing his work "in the round."

London's other dramatic cucumber frame, the Everyman Theatre, has now a list of West End long runs successfully planted out. Its greatest achievement was probably Mr. Sutton Vane's *Outward Bound*, which, since its premier there in September, 1923, has continued its amazing career to the remotest colonies and across the stages of Europe. Faintly dazzled by this popularity almost to the point of doubting one's own critical judgment, it has been difficult to appraise the real merit of Sutton Vane's work. Watching his new piece, *Overture*, one's mind is set at rest. This piece of obvious "Do-it-again-daddyism" may best be described by the useful modernism "Spoof." It is a kind of Inward Bound, where we see unborn souls choose their destiny, and then are allowed to glimpse them disillusioned at the height of its achievement here. In thought and in expression it is cheap beyond criticism; in dramatic construction it is as loosely knit as it is unconvincing in plot and characterisation; there is really nothing to be said for it save that Nancy Price manages marvellously to make possible an impossible woman. The poverty of philosophic thought and of language which one suspected in *Outward Bound* beneath the veneer of its dramatic idea are made absolutely apparent in this new play, where there is no dramatic idea. Even when Mr. Sutton Vane happens to think the right things he thinks them for the wrong reasons or for so little reason whatever that one is only annoyed by their stage presentation. *Overture* could have passed unnoticed had it not come from the man whose earlier play is being given a place in the serious theatre at home and abroad.

Perhaps I am being unfair in retrospect to the other play; at least it served one excellent purpose of helping the Everyman Theatre, and in days when we cannot afford to close any door by which new work may come to the English stage this is justifiable service.

* Contemporary Dramatists Series (Ernest Benn, 5*s*. and 3*s*. 6*d*.).

Books.

ART.

THE DECORATIVE ART OF FRANK BRANGWYN. By HERBERT FURST. John Lane. £3 3s.

THIS sumptuous volume with 33 reproductions in colour and 150 in monochrome is a tribute worthy the great artist-decorator. The scheme of the book gives five chapters of most engaging theory on the subject of the functions of art and decoration, two on Brangwyn and his place in contemporary art, and the whole of the rest of the book is devoted to detailed study of various groups of his work. If we quarrel at all with this scheme it is because the wealth of the illustrations renders almost supererogatory Mr. Furst's catalogue raisonné of the works themselves, save that the author takes many opportunities to make excursions into realms of opinion, theory and personal comment on men and affairs. His subject provides such opportunities frequently, for there is no artist living who is more concerned with the times in which he lives. Brangwyn goes straight to the facts of modern life for the subjects of his decorations, and Herbert Furst, guiding us among the pictures, frescoes and applied art from his hand, has ample scope for expressing his own ideas. Since he is a somewhat meteoric thinker both on art and life one does not always agree; indeed, he has an engaging air of putting out some iconoclastic truth as though it were the oldest platitude, but that adds to the humanity of a book, foredoomed to success by the importance of its subject and the excellence of its production.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE PORTRAIT OF ZÉLIDE. By GEOFFREY SCOTT. Constable. 12s.

THE title adopted by Mr. Scott was that bestowed upon herself by his subject in one of those pen-portraits which women were once so fond of inditing. Isabella van Tuyll, afterwards Madame de Charrière, was an eighteenth-century derelict who lingered on into the romantic age of revolution, and deliberately sacrificed happiness to reason: "she could reason herself in or out of anything or anybody," but "wanted the prize for goodness as well as the forbidden fruit." Hence life to her was "a great experience," but a painful one. Why exactly she made up her mind to marry her brother's tutor, a blameless mathematician who frankly looked upon the venture as a dangerous experiment, is not too clear: others had found the lady an *esprit trop fort*. At one time it looked as if James Boswell would have been willing to take the leap, and then, as the author remarks, we should have had some lively additions to the *Life of Johnson*. But the lady herself firmly repelled his prudent proposal, though she had evidently derived pleasure from the volatile Scotsman's company and correspondence. Their *ménage*, he wrote to her after his rejection, would have

been like the bold thunder and the quick lightning in *The Rehearsal*. She retired to domesticity in Switzerland, and lived to be the consoler of Benjamin Constant and the writer of didactic novels. The connection with Constant, into the exact nature of which Mr. Scott wisely declines to enquire, is, of course, as Sainte-Beuve said, the central interest of Zélide's story. She was certainly not, however, his evil genius, as the French critic held; rather, as the present author shows, too good an angel for so restless and aspiring a spirit. Benjamin got tired of being too well understood, and Madame de Staël made a (for him) timely appearance as the new Egeria, who inspired him with an enthusiasm for living rather than thinking. Adolphe found fame as a politician, and Zélide was reduced to applauding his speeches. The book is an acute psychological study phrased with great literary neatness, and its production enhances its attractiveness.

FICTION.

INNER CIRCLE. By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. Constable. 6*s*. net.

MISS ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE has, more, perhaps, than any living writer, the animistic secret; she gives with delicate authenticity that running commentary of unspoken thought which is so universal and so continuous in all human life, that, though immensely important, has come to be ignored or only roughly suggested by most writers. In her hands the quick soul has even more importance than the persona; the drama is seen behind the retina of the spectator, and becomes, therefore, immeasurably complex, a complexity, however, that this remarkable writer has the power of presenting as a broadly lit whole. It is true that the defects of this singular quality becomes sometimes visible—at times the reader gropes for light, as in her "Shirt of Nessus," and only achieves clarity when the madness of the wearer is definitely stated; but this is hardly fair commentary, when all the other little interior dramas in this set of eleven only keep the attention pleasurably stretched. The variety of theme and the freshness of treatment are both highly stimulating, her tales are like a group of exquisite pre-Raphaelite paintings in a world of poster artists, with all the delight of a microscopic perfection devoid of niggle—things supreme in their own characteristic manner.

THE LITTLE KAROO. By PAULINE SMITH. Cape. 4*s*. 6*d*.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT introduces the writer of these sketches of primitive Veldt folk, in the quality of "perhaps the earliest wondering admirer of her strange, austere, tender, and ruthless talent," and in these four epithets has only suggested her singular quality. True that simple human things simply told have the advantage of a direct and unencumbered appeal, but for that very reason one tests the quality of the telling more keenly—such stories must be masterpieces or nothing, and some of Pauline Smith's stories are of the great category. This

is her first book, but it is made up of tales which have seen the light already, as well as of new matter—short flights from which it is difficult to predict success in a sustained effort—but if only for the exquisiteness of "The Pain," this collection is one to see and to note, and its writer is a name to remember with high hopes.

CAPTAINS AND KINGS. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Lane. 5s.

AFTER the "Colonel Bramble" books and that delightful Shelley biography (*Ariel*), M. Maurois has us all at his will with a certainty of being agreeably surprised as well as greatly amused; when, therefore, we find that his *Captains and Kings* is a discussion of the psychology of leadership in war—with particular reference to *the* war—we turn to the disputants a friendly and attentive ear. A Cavalry captain meets his former teacher of philosophy after they have both been through the war, and with him resumes the philosophical attitude of mind to test his theories upon his master. They discuss and re-discuss the theme with excellent friendliness and lucidity, with illuminating references to history and modern instances fresh from their own experience. Their minds play around the theoretical as a relief from the actual, and they make of a ghastly and terrible catastrophe material for intellectual amusement by regarding it as a problem. At the end of much delightful talk they part, still affectionate master and pupil, with the unspoken ringing in their minds. A most distinguished bit of writing, well translated by Mr. James Lewis May.

POLITICS.

THE WESTMINSTER LIBRARY. Philip Allan. 3s. 6d. net each volume.

THE LEGACY OF LIBERALISM. AL. CARTHILL.

TRADE UNIONS: THEIR PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE. W. A. APPLETON, C.B.E.

THE EMPIRE: A FAMILY AFFAIR. PERCY HURD, M.P.

STATE SOCIALISM IN PRACTICE. ARCHIBALD HURD.

To the average person, of average education and attainments—if such a one may be supposed to exist—a series of political handbooks such as the Westminster Library is apt to strike rather forbiddingly, because so often political handbooks are more earnestly than interestingly written. This impression is likely to be speedily removed by the first few pages of *The Legacy of Liberalism*, by Al. Carthill, which is a vivid sketch of a political theory that was always more an innate attitude of mind than the result of reasoning. Liberalism, from its very inception, was even more a matter of compromise than are most human opinions and their resulting actions. It could kindle in the ardent young an imagined love for their brothers and that mystical longing common to all crusaders, but years and accumulated experience generally quenched the spiritual fires so successfully that the middle-aged Liberal found himself mouthing hollow half-truths that not even he could entirely believe. The

Liberal cause was one of revolt, and when there ceased to be anything to revolt against—having due regard to those whose interest and support were of value to the cause—its followers had to fall back on empty phrases that had no relation to the facts of the world about them.

Liberalism, in its inception, was Continental rather than English; but, as Al. Carthill points out, a divergence very soon showed itself. "The founders of the Liberal Party on the Continent had been Epicureans, and their morals were congruous. In England the party was supported by the Nonconformists, and the Nonconformists had decided opinions as to the immorality of certain actions." But all the same the Nonconformist backing was the strength of English Liberalism, that very special product of these islands, combining in a remarkable and unique degree vigorous spirituality with commercial shrewdness.

From Mr. Appleton, as was only to be expected, there has come a concise and readable history of Trade Unionism characterised by clear vision and a broad humanity. Of special interest are the later chapters dealing with the present tasks and future trend of the great Unions.

Perhaps rather more in the style of the ordinary handbooks are the contributions of Mr. Archibald Hurd and Mr. Percy Hurd, who have brought together, in their respective books, a great store of facts likely to be serviceable to the political student.

THE PUBLIC PAPERS OF WOODROW WILSON. In Six Volumes. Vols. I. and II.: College and State. Harper. 30*s*. net each volume.

WHATEVER our opinion of Woodrow Wilson's ideas and achievements, there can be no question that he was a figure in the world—a figure that dominated by personality. Whether the great Light which, for a moment, he seemed to have shed over the world, was put out by physical collapse on the eve of realisation, or by an exposure of its inherent weakness when tested by practical application, must remain a question on which we shall never agree.

But all thoughtful readers are interested in the man and his opportunity. These collected papers will form a full-length portrait of an active mind, inspired by weighty idealism, informed by thoughtful intellect, and dominated by the will to lead his country upwards and on. There is apparent in all a strong leaven of the schoolmaster, a certain domineering intensity of convinced wisdom and uprightness, that may provoke opposition or the cynic's smile. The expression, moreover, is overweighted with sobriety, despite the occasional flash of virile Americanese: a little stiff and verbose, if not actually long-winded. But the fire of passion for mankind shines through the eager desire for a high aim and sincere seeking for "the best."

Only we fear few readers can, or will desire to, digest so large a mass of solid food: it must be admitted that some of the papers have in themselves no great significance; and a careful, wisely chosen, representative selection might probably have done more to establish a general appreciation of what made him truly great.

REMINISCENCES.

IN COURT AND OUT OF COURT. By ERNEST BOWEN-ROWLANDS. Hutchinson and Co. 18*s*. net.

THE worst that could be said of *In Court and Out of Court* is that it follows closely the lines now rendered familiar by the "monstrous regiment" of latter-day books of reminiscence, and especially of legal reminiscence—chapters on judges, with instances of judicial peculiarity and humour; on the *genus irritable* of litigants; on clubs and clubmen; on "Bohemians" who ne'er in dreams beheld the spires of Prague: and so forth. Mr. Bowen-Rowlands disarms this criticism at the outset, however, by stating that his purpose is primarily to entertain, though in doing so he does himself less than justice, for in his more serious moments he has some exceedingly interesting and informative things to say—for example, of criminal cases which in some form or another have come within his personal ken. The chapter on "Miscarriage of Justice" has a value which is enhanced by the fact that the cases instanced have not been already torn to shreds by the more jaundiced Press; and his remarks on the importance of looking for the motive of crimes apparently inexplicable, except on the assumption of insanity, are very sound, and might with advantage have been further elaborated. In these days of trial by newspaper and by every agency except the proper one, it is refreshing to come across a typically common-sense retort by Mr. Justice Hawkins—extra-judicial, of course—*apropos* the verdict on the "Muswell Hill" murderers: "You go by what you are told; *I* try a case on the evidence given in court." The legal luminaries of whom Mr. Bowen-Rowlands speaks are those of yesterday rather than those of to-day. He considers Lord Carson "the greatest advocate of our times"; his father, in his day the "leader" of the South Wales circuit, thought Giffard (Lord Halsbury)—whom he did not like—"the best of all advocates." The stories told cover a wide range, some of the best being unconnected with the law. One would like to know the name of the "stout peer"—Lord Haldane is ruled out, as, according to Mr. Bowen-Rowlands, he "never tried to be witty in his life"!—who was congratulated on his accession to office in the Labour Ministry and who replied: "Yes, behold me—a mountain in labour!" Of a different kind, this also seems new, and good. Two priests from the monastery at Cwm, in Wales, came across hounds otter-hunting. "I wonder," said one, "what is the Greek for otter?" "I don't know, Brother," replied the other; "but as θερμός is 'ot, it should be θερμότερος." *In Court and Out of Court* amply fulfils its modestly-stated purpose.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

FACTS AND IDEAS. By SIR PHILIP GIBBS. Hutchinson. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

A NOVELIST of distinction, a brilliant war-correspondent, and, as becomes a journalist, keenly observant of men and life, Sir Philip Gibbs is always well worth reading. This closely packed reprint of essays on every conceivable subject, from Confucius, through Bacon-Shake-

speare, to Laziness and The Model Young Business Man, is designed, I think, as a treasury of "tit-bits" for aspiring youth. Sir Philip has always revealed himself as vastly in love with young folk, after our sentimental Victorian way. He wants them, above all, to cast off their war-bred pose of the don't care cynic; to "wash-up," if need be, with a Dumas or a Plato in their left hand, and a Raphael on the wall; if only they will enjoy life and realise that it is all tremendously worth while. If libraries bore young men, or they cannot afford many books, this delightful budget of hints on everything in the world of ideas should serve to cure sluggish livers and jumpy nerves. For Sir Philip has preserved his youth, and marched on with the times. If he recalls Dr. Johnson, it is because he likes truth naked and believes in common-sense. If he still thinks life "beautiful," his eyes are quite wide open and he can see the joke.

VERSE.

VERSE IN BLOOM. By NORMAN GALE. Norman Gale, Old Bilton, Rugby. 6*s*. net.

THIS volume as a whole is not, perhaps, the peer of some of its author's earlier collections—of the delectable *A Country Muse*, in particular. Nevertheless, there is hardly a page without its own felicity—the sensitive phrase, the quickening thought, of the born lyrist. Mr. Gale is a poet by the grace of God. Mostly he treats of the countryside and its joys, but he has range. Occasionally he surprises by a religious passion, a self-surrender, reminiscent of Christina Rossetti. At other times he affects an elegant discursiveness which might appear, did not one know better, to seal him of the tribe of Austin Dobson or even W. M. Praed. Sometimes, in reading him, one remembers Herrick, and Mr. Gale survives the comparison. He has long been regarded by poetry lovers as one of the truest voiced among them who sing because they must, and indeed it is a rare pleasure to hear, after so much that is clamorous in inverse ratio to its effectiveness, this urbane hymner of pastoral delights.

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Practical Imperialism at Last

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Empire Notes

South Africa and Preference

QUITE the most significant event in the sphere of Imperial politics that has occurred for some months was the Budget speech of Mr. Havenga, the South African Minister of Finance, on April 8th. Disclaiming any racial motives, Mr. Havenga announced that the Imperial preference hitherto granted by South Africa would be revised on a *quid pro quo* basis. The rebate of three per cent. hitherto enjoyed by all dutiable British goods is to be withdrawn entirely in cases where Great Britain has a predominant share of the market, or where a proprietary name or trade mark is a determining factor in the sale of any article. In other cases the rebate of three per cent. is retained, and this will be increased to from five to ten per cent. in some instances. While the principle of preference is not abandoned, as it was feared by some would be the case, the value of the preferential

rebate to Great Britain in one year will be reduced from £860,000 to £300,000, and the Dominions will lose about £40,000 of the annual rebate now received by them on goods supplied to the Union market. The South African Government's policy is obviously a compromise between the views held by the extremist section of its supporters, who desired to abolish preference altogether and had the report on tariff policy of the Union Board of Trade on their side, and a wish to conciliate the English-speaking element, which would have been irritated by what would have been regarded as a move towards secession. So much for the purely local aspect of the matter, with which other parts of the Empire are not directly concerned.

Imperial Aspect

WHAT matters to this country and to the Dominions is that one member of the British family of nations has definitely placed Imperial preference on a reciprocal basis, and will apparently be prepared to negotiate agreements with other parts of the Empire which are willing to offer a *quid pro quo*. Perhaps it is hardly correct to regard South Africa's move as the first step of the kind, since the Canadian-Australian trade agreement was based on tariff reciprocity, and somewhat similar agreements have been in force between South Africa and Australia and New Zealand. But this is the first time that the principle of bargaining as between Britain and a Dominion has received the endorsement of a national Government. Events have been moving in this direction since the British Labour Government rejected the recommendations of the Imperial Economic Conference of 1923, and in both Canada and Australia there has been a good deal of talk as to the desirability of placing preference on a reciprocal basis. So far, however, no action has been taken in those Dominions. There are some who believe that a general move by the Dominions in the direction of abolishing their preferential tariffs until such time as Britain may be willing to give an effective preference to overseas products would hasten the education of the British electorate to an appreciation of the value of the rebate which British manufactures enjoy in Dominion markets. However this may be, it must not be overlooked that the excessive contribution of the taxpayer of the United Kingdom towards Imperial defence represents an important

factor in any balance-sheet that may be drawn up between this country and the daughter States. Yet it is significant that Mr. Douglas Vickers, presiding at the recent annual general meeting of Vickers, Ltd., said that "it would be well worth while for this country to impose duties giving preference to Colonial products if the Dominions would continue to do the same for our manufactures, and if they would further refrain from encouraging the construction of works for the manufacture of steel and finished materials when they cannot be produced nearly as cheaply as here."

The Zambezi Bridge

Now that the consent of the Portuguese Government has been obtained for the construction of the proposed railway bridge over the Zambezi to connect the two detached sections of the Beira-Nyasaland route, it is to be hoped that arrangements will be made without delay for the financing, with the assistance of the British Government, of this important undertaking. The development of Nyasaland, which, with its comparatively dense native population, is capable of becoming a second Uganda in the matter of cotton growing, is, as Mr. Ormsby-Gore has publicly stated, entirely dependent upon the construction of this bridge. If the necessary financial arrangements can be completed within the next few weeks it should be possible to do a good deal of work during the dry season that is now beginning.

Canada's Railway Problem

THE burden imposed on the Canadian people by their ownership of a railway system which is to a large extent an unnecessary duplication of the Canadian Pacific network does not become lighter with the passage of time, and represents one of the most serious problems with which the Dominion has ever been confronted. Greater co-operation between the company and the national system, State purchase of the C.P.R., and reduction of the capitalisation of the national lines are among the proposals that have been put forward for reducing the cost to the taxpayer of the present state of affairs. But the only real remedy would appear to be an expansion of population which would provide sufficient traffic to enable both systems to be worked without loss, and until effective steps are taken to restore immigration to its pre-war level such a growth of traffic cannot be hoped for within any reasonable period.

EMPIRE NOTES

Empire Settlement

THE new agreement between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Commonwealth of Australia with the object of making capital available for the purposes of development and settlement in Australia, which was signed on the same day as that which saw the delivery of the South African Budget speech, is an important advance towards a definite policy of re-distributing British man-power. The Australian Government undertakes to raise loans up to £34,000,000 for issue to the individual States of the Commonwealth at low rates of interest. The money so raised is to be expended on development works in rural districts and for granting advances to settlers, the object aimed at being the settlement of 450,000 assisted emigrants from the United Kingdom within the next decade. Emigrants under the scheme need not possess any capital of their own and assistance towards passages will be given under the Passage Agreement now in force. The British Government will pay, in addition to its share of the cost of assisted passages, a contribution of £130,000 against every £750,000 issued by the Commonwealth Government to individual States, conditional on the satisfactory settlement of 10,000 assisted emigrants in the State concerned within ten years from the date of the agreement. A specified proportion of the emigrants must consist of families. Half the farms which are available under the scheme must be reserved for settlers from this country, who will be aided under Government supervision and given advances upon similar terms to those granted to persons already in Australia. Special arrangements for the reception, training and after-care of immigrants are to be made by the Australian Governments, and the British Government will pay one-third of the capital and maintenance costs of reception depôts in country districts. Although it will take some time to complete the necessary arrangements in Australia, it is to be hoped that this Imperial scheme will prove entirely successful. It is true that an annual quota of 45,000 British settlers in Australia by no means corresponds with the necessities of the present position of overcrowding in this country, but it is probably the best that can be done under existing circumstances. Not the least of the many difficulties connected with Empire settlement is the decay of the pioneering spirit among the town-bred British population.

Practical Imperialism at Last

By C. de Thierry

LOOKING back on our Imperial history for the past seventy years one cannot but be struck by two facts: (1) that Imperialism never had a working basis until now; (2) that the nation clung to the Empire without knowing why.

The consequence was British statesmen were in the difficult position of having to devise an Imperial policy without any light from public opinion. That is why it altered every twenty-five years. In the fifties and sixties even dismemberment was tried. But the country would have none of it, turning out the politicians who fathered it in contemptuous wrath.

The doctrinaires were succeeded by the idealists whose gospel was Seeley's *Expansion of England*. In their view the unity of an oceanic empire was to take the same form as the unity of land empires, which the sea forbids. For this reason Imperial federation, whose prophets were some of the finest spirits of the late Victorian era, has never made any headway. It has still a powerful intellectual backing in this country, if nowhere else, but all its efforts during the past twenty-five years have achieved nothing more than queering the pitch of a more practical school.

With the growth of international rivalry even Little England statesmen began to recant their opinions on Imperialism, thinking that, through it, the burden of maintaining the Navy might be lightened for Britain. But their hopes foundered on Dominion nationalism, which was dead against cash contributions for defence and all in favour of local navies, so created that they could act under Admiralty orders in time of war, as, in fact, Australia's fleet unit did between 1914 and 1918. It was when Chamberlain, as Colonial Secretary, came to see that without some form of closer trade relations there was no basis for Imperial organisation in defence that he launched the Tariff Reform campaign. In other words, his con-

fidential intercourse with Dominion statesmen taught him that the stumbling block to Imperial unity was British mentality in relation to the Empire. He, too, failed because he was ahead of his time. But the principles which guided him live, and have received endorsement at one time or another from the statesmen of all parties.

For, in the meantime, England had discovered that the Empire is more than an heirloom whose glory should shine only on State occasions. Precious she has always considered it, but in the main because it appealed to her pride, traditions, and social instincts. Only for these it would have been given away piecemeal long ago by the intellectual theorists, who hated and despised it, presuming to think that they led the nation. But never before the war did it appear to the ordinary citizen as a vast and rich estate, part of which was ours to develop as we would, and part of which we might develop in partnership with the Dominions. Only now do we begin to realise that our economic interests are bound up with both parts.

Like other valuable lessons, it has been learned in the school of hard experience. During the long agony of the war two ideas, which were more general amongst the masses than might have been supposed, dissolved utterly. One was that the Dominions were mostly inhabited by natives, the other was that it did not matter how and whence we got our food supplies and raw materials as long as we got them. When sturdy men were sent from oversea, not in tens, but in hundreds, of thousands to stand side by side with British soldiers in France, the five nations impressed the popular imagination for the first time as a potential partnership. When we were cut off from our regular European markets and forced to turn to Imperial markets the popular imagination was equally struck by the fallacy of supposing that it was a matter of indifference to us how and whence we drew food for ourselves and the raw materials for our great manufacturing industries. Not only was there then a concrete demonstration of the infinite variety of the Empire's resources, but of their power to expand under the necessary stimulus.

With peace these lessons might have been forgotten, but the tyranny of high prices, not to speak of unemployment, has kept them fresh in our mind. The question of

cheapness, therefore, confronts us in an entirely new form. Twenty-five years ago we had it, and feared to alter our fiscal system in case we should lose it. A small rise in the price of commodities, amounting to no more than a possible 5 per cent., with enormous counterbalancing advantages, we believed would mean starvation to our poorer classes. During the intervening period the prices of commodities have risen not by 5, but by 50 to 150 per cent., a process which began before the war. Our problem, then, is not how to *maintain* a supply of cheap food and raw materials, as it was when Tariff Reform was proposed, but how to reduce high prices to a normal level. That is why the nation as a whole is not looking for a solution in economic and political theories. Even on Imperial Preference there is no unanimity of opinion. The question is so big and vital that it is above and beyond party. In it the one solid and constant factor of hope and promise is the Empire. But the part it is to play in our fiscal policy is still in doubt.

But that it is to play an important one is clear from the proposals of State Commissions, commercial bodies and private individuals of weight and standing, who discuss high prices with a view to finding a remedy. However widely Protectionists, Free Traders, and even Socialists, may differ as to the way out of our present sea of troubles, all predicate the same means—the promotion of closer trade relations under the Crown. England no longer sees the Empire as an heirloom held in obedience to prestige, but as a trump card in lifting the burdens laid upon her by the war. Tariff Reform, involving Imperial Preference, failed to implement because she did not feel that it was essential to her prosperity that the balance of trade should shift from an international to an inter-Imperial basis. On the contrary, her view was that if she did so she would be making sacrifices for the sake of the Empire. That she was mistaken may be argued. But the point is that then the impulse to Britannic unity, through a policy built up on closer trade relations between the United Kingdom and the Dominions, came from the top, and, finding no response in the country at large, was strangled at its birth.

Now the international basis of our trade has seriously shrunk, and what is left of it, so far from favouring cheapness, favours dearness. Therefore the impulse to

strengthen the inter-Imperial basis of our trade comes from the nation itself. No longer do we assume that we should meet at a sacrifice the desire of the Dominions for co-operation in trade. We desire it, as they desire it, because our interest imperatively demands it. They seek our market for their natural products; we see in them, not only expanding outlets for our manufactures, but a means for escaping the thraldom of high prices. The change in outlook has not been brought about by the dynamic force of a great statesman, or by party needs and machinations, but by the logic of events, which is felt in every household. It was not for nothing that, for the first time for generations, the King's Speech announced that the British Government will pursue "a policy of encouraging . . . mutual trade between the various parts of the Empire." It is the interpretation, not of the will of a party, but of a people. Mr. Baldwin, unlike Chamberlain, Salisbury, Rosebery, and Disraeli, speaks to those who have ears to hear.

As it has so often been in our history, the nation has proved itself wiser than its rulers. Its instinct has been sounder than their reason. Dismemberment would have meant our extinction as a great Power. To have forced the pace in any of the other policies, which were fathered by British statesmen between 1887 and the war, might have substituted ill-will for good-will in our Imperial relations, with fatal consequences. England passively held on until the time was ripe for positive action, which is now. The Dominions are ready, as they have been for half a century, so is she at last. There is no question but that advantages and sacrifices will be mutual; no question but that the individual citizen here and oversea realises more and more clearly that they are dependent on one another for aid in living. On this basis the Empire may be organised for offence and defence, and on no other.

The French Canadians

By A. G. Bradley

Author of "The Conquest of Canada," "The Making of Canada," "Carleton, Lord Dorchester," etc., etc.

MOST visitors from England and the United States are attracted by the picturesque atmosphere, social and physical, of rural Quebec. The very presence of a reactionary, unsophisticated, priest-ridden peasantry, speaking a seventeenth-century French *patois*, and differing even in their surroundings from anything to be found elsewhere in North America, seizes the fancy of the stranger. But Mr. Hueffer's excursions into their history are sadly inaccurate, while his views on the ethics of their recent and present action as a unit of the Canadian Federation would be endorsed by few British Canadians.

About 1663 the young and well-intentioned Louis XIV, with the able co-operation of Colbert, Talon, and others, determined to transform New France from a mere settlement of some 3,000 fur traders and missioners into an industrial colony like that of their progressive and flourishing New England neighbours. But he adopted very different methods, as Mr. Hueffer states. This gentleman's idyllic picture, however, of entire communities—farmers, mechanics, lawyer, priest, and *seigneur*—transferring themselves from France *en bloc* into the Canadian forests is purely fanciful and utterly erroneous. Indeed, the very opposite was the case. The Government selected their peasant immigrants, and with some care, over a wide area of Northern France and even from the Rochelle district.* Very few women were included, and this lack was subsequently remedied by the shipment of girls and widows, also selected with discretion, to the care

* Through this decade about 6,000 emigrants reached Canada. From these and their predecessors were derived nearly all the 70,000 found there at the Conquest (1760). From these again are derived nearly all of the two million and odd French Canadians of to-day. "Productive" emigration from France has been trifling.

of the Canadian nuns, who quickly married them off. On a smaller scale this had been done before in Virginia, the planters paying for their wives in tobacco. Nor was there much, if any, occasion for priests from France. The religious houses, already such a feature in Canada, easily sufficed to meet these initial requirements, till Laval, a little later, founded his college at Quebec for providing parish *curés*. The *seigneurs* were drawn from various sources. One was the Carignan regiment, long stationed in Canada for defence against the Indians, now disbanded and settled on lands in the Richelieu country. Its officers were granted these, and, I think, some other *seigneuries*. Others were bestowed on certain young and impecunious members of the *petite noblesse* in France who fancied the venture. A few were sold for modest sums to plebeian speculators in what financially was a very poor investment. For the *seigneur* was but a Crown tenant, liable to expulsion for failure to observe various conditions. His domain a few leagues of dense forest, worthless till his *censitaires* or tenants had hacked a rude living out of its fringes. His rents were microscopic, his feudal dues trifling, under such conditions. He was forbidden to trade, nor had he any share in the government. Many sank into the material condition of their own backwoods peasantry. Some, under especially favourable conditions, or by the help of a military or civil post, maintained the dignities of their position in their rude manor houses. In truth, there were not very many *seigneuries* for some time. There were only about eighty a century later at the Conquest with a sevenfold population. The English garrisons then introduced were surprised to find that few of the Canadian gentry could read or write, though all their ladies possessed that elementary accomplishment. Mr. Hueffer gives the population of French Canada at the Conquest as 600,000—an amazing blunder! In such case the history of North America would have been written far differently. The British Colonies collectively only numbered 2,000,000. The French figures were under 70,000. The feudal system, though here in its modified form, strangled all expansion. Its rigid conscription gave it a disproportionate military strength dangerous to its loose-knit neighbours. It bred ambitions, too, which, as

everyone knows, led to the clash with Great Britain, which resulted in the loss of Canada.

Ever since those days of constant war with Indians or New Englanders the French Canadians have been the most unwarlike people in the world. Contrary to Mr. Hueffer's apparent impression of their attitude when the American revolutionary troops invaded Canada, the entire rank and file of the embodied militia refused to stir. All the peasantry on the American line of march willingly aided the invaders with food and transport; several hundred joined their ranks in arms. Only the handful of gentry stood firm beside the fragments of British regulars, and with them were overpowered by numbers. Quebec alone remained in British possession, and Sir Guy Carleton, having cleared the city of 5,000 suspects, sat down to that long and memorable siege in 1775-6, when by his ability and magnetic qualities he saved Canada from becoming the "Fourteenth State" of the Republic. He achieved this with a scratch force, mostly volunteers, of 1,800 men, half French and half English. The Home Government, as usual, knew more than the "man on the spot," and had insisted that the 10,000 French Canadian Militia would alone repel any American attack—that is the story in a nutshell.

Mr. Hueffer has analysed with sufficient accuracy those characteristics which made the French Canadians in the mass refuse to fight in the Great War. From 8,000 to 14,000 out of 2,000,000 volunteered! These characteristics have been recounted a hundred times. But the plain man may well ask to what purpose? Do the qualities that kept them at home making money while their British Canadian fellow-countrymen were falling by thousands on French soil do them honour? Surely not. At any rate British Canadians do not think so, nor will their children's children. Casuistry may help an election, but it will not work at the bar of history.

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